

MESS SONGS AND RHYMES

OF THE

R. A. A. F.

1939 - 1945

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BELL

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BELL

New Guinea September 1945

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL
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MESS SONGS OF THE R.A.A.F.

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CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

Tune : JOHN PEEL

The donkey on the common is a solitary moke,
 And its very very seldom that he ever gets a poke,
 But when he does he lets it soak,
 And he revels in the joys of copulation.

Chorus. Cats on the rooftop, cats on the tiles,
 Some with syphilis and some with piles,
 But they all have their arseholes wreathed in smiles,
 As they revel in the joys of copulation

The Australian lady emu, when she wants to find a mate,
 Wanders round the desert with a feather up her date,
 You should see the feather quiver when she meets her destined fate
 And she revels in the joys of copulation.

The poor domestic doggie on the chain all day,
 Never gets a chance to let himself go gay,
 So he licks at his dick in a frantic way,
 As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The labours of the poofter find but little favour here,
 but the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep, I fear,
 As he dreams he rips a red 'un up some dirty urchin's rear
 And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The poor old Creeping Jesus, of his morals there's no doubt,
 He walks around St Kilda with his doodle hanging out,
 And when he sees a wench it up and hits him in the snout,
 And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,
 He had a pond'rous penis, fully forty cubits long,
 You should hear his high crescendo when his mate is on the prong,
 And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The owls in the trees, and the cats on the tiles,
 One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in files,
 You can hear delighted howls and shrieks for miles,
 As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The poor old elephant, so it seems,
 Is seldom troubled with any wet dreams,
 But when he does it comes in streams,
 And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,
 He takes two days to have a shag, but when he's in the throes,
 He doesn't stop to take it out, he piddles through his nose,
 And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The lady by the seashore was feeling very blue,
 She saw the children at it, and she thought it wouldn't do,
 So she bought three bananas, and she ate the other two,
 And she revelled in the joys of copulation.

Cats on the Rooftops (continued)

In Egypt's sunny clime, the crocodile,
Gets a flip only once in a while,
But when he does he floods the Nile,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The old wild boar in the mud all day,
Thinks of the sows that are far far away
And the corkscrew motion of half a day,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The poor rhinocerous, so it appears,
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,
But when he does he makes up for arrears,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The poor old desert camel has no water for a week,
And as he doesn't drink the poor old buggar cannot leak,
So he has to hold his water, so to speak,
While he revels in the joys of copulation.

If you wake up in the morning with a devil of a stand,
And a funny sort of feeling in your semenary gland,
And you havn't got a woman, - just lie back and use your hand,
And you'll revel in the joys of copulation.

Little Mary Johnson will be seven next July,
She's never had a naughty, but she thought she'd like to try,
So she took her daddy's walking-stick and did it on the sly,
And she revelled in the joys of copulation.

The dirty little bed bug has his morals torn to bits,
When he sees a husband playing with his wifie's rosy tits,
So he searches out and fornicates a thousand million nits,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning with thoughts of sexual joy,
And your wife has got the monthlies, and your daughter says she's coy,
Just rip it up the rectum of your eldest boy,
And you'll revel in the joys of copulation.

THE BALL AT KERRYMUIR

The Ball! The Ball! The Ball! The Ball!

The Ball, the Ball, The Pall at Kerrymuir,
Where four and twenty prostitutes came dancing through the door,
Singing, "Wha'll do it this time? Wha'll die it noo?
The man who did it last time, canna do it noo!"

And when the ball it started, they all began to jig,
Before a half an hour was gone, they all began to frig,
Singing "Wha'll die it etc"

First lady curtsey, second lady pass,
Third Lady's finger up the fourth lady's arse,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

With balls to your partner, and bums against the wall,
If ye canna get fook on Saturday night, ye canna get foock at all,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

The minister, yes he was there, he wasna' feelin' weel,
He couldna' hold his water in the middle of the reel,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

The parson's daughter she was there, the saucy little runt,
With poison ivy round her arse, and thistles up he cunt,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

There was foocking in the highways, and foocking in the lanes,
Ye couldna' hear the music for the rattlin' of the stanes,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

The chimney sweep, now he was there, they had to chuck him oot,
For every time he broke his wind, the room was filled with soot,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

The Minister's daughter, she was there, she went to gather sticks,
She couldna' find a blade of grass for balls and standing pricks,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

Now Annie Laurie, she was there, she couldna' find her bye,
But when she found the bastard, he was comin' through the rye,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

And Tom McNab, the farmer, he wept and swore and spat,
For forty acres of his corn was fairly foocked flat,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

And Bobbie burns, the blacksmith, he was a mighty man,
With mucker knacks between his legs which rattled when he ran,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

There was foockin' in the hallways, and foockin' on the stairs,
You couldna' see the carpets for the crumbs and curly hairs,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

The Ball At Kerrymuir (continued)

And Neil, the farmer, he was there, it was a bloody shame,
He foocked his lassie forty times, but wouldna' take her hame,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

There was foockin' in the haystacks, and foockin' in the ricks,
You couldna' hear the bagpipes for the swishin' of the pricks,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

And when the ball was over they all wont home to rest,
They'd all enjoyed the dancin', but the foockin' was the best,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc"

.....

NO BALLS AT ALL

Now all you young maidens just listen to me,
And I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee,
About a young maiden, so fair and so tall,
Who'd married a man who had no balls at all.

CHORUS. No balls at all! What? No balls at all! What?
She'd married a man who had no balls at all.

On the night of her wedding she went up to bed,
Expecting to lose all her fair maidenhead,
She felt for his penis, and found it was small,
And then she discovered he'd no balls at all. CHORUS

So when in the morning she jumped out of bed,
She went to her mother, "Dear Mother", she said,
My troubles are great, and my pleasures are small,
For I've married a man who has no balls at all". CHORUS

Said the mother, "Dear daughter, don't take it so bad,
Just do for yourself as I did for your Dad,
There are numerous parsons who are willing to call,
And do for the man who has no balls at all". CHORUS

.....

NO BALLS AT ALL

In the year Anno Domini, One Nine Two Four,
 Around Sulemanya there started a war,
 And everyone huddled and shouted for Bert,
 To pull operations staff out of the dirt,
 For they'd no balls at all, No balls at all,
 Their engines cut out, and they'd no balls atvall.

There once was a pilot who went to bomb "Sul",
 His bombs were alright, but his tanks were not full,
 His bomber below through the phone clear did call,
 "If your engines cut out, you'll have no balls at all
 "No balls at all, No balls at all,
 If your engines cut out you'll have no balls at all".

They were just over "Sul" when both engines cut out,
 Again through that phone came that agonized shout,
 "If you land to the north of the Basian Pass,
 "Flight as well stick the Lewis gun straight up your arse,
 "You'll have no balls at all, no balls at all,
 "If your engine cuts out you'll have no balls at all".

They looked o'er the side, and could quite plainly see,
 Old Sheik Mahmud and his party at tea,
 Sitting around midst the stones and the rocks,
 Discussing Spring fashions in pruning men's cocks.
 They'd have no balls at all, no balls at all,
 If their engine cuts out they'll have no balls at all.

They landed and ran like the chaff 'fore the wind,
 With a bowie knife party ten paces behind,
 They knew they were due for some terrible shocks,
 So they banged out their privates with large spiky rocks,
 They had no balls at all, No balls at all,
 Their engine cut out so they'd no balls at all.

Saint Peter reclined on a high floccy cloud,
 And the Orderly Angel came floating around,
 "Excuse me" said he, "But it's quite plain to me,
 "That here is a signal that you ought to see
 "It's by W/T, and it's marked with a 'P',
 "Addressed to Saint Peter, repeat Holy Three,
 "Sendor's name 'AIR', today's date and to say,
 "That an old Rolls Royce Vernon has started our way,
 "With no balls at all, No balls at all,
 "Their engines cut out and they've no balls at all."

They went to the drome in the midst of the night,
 They placed out the flares and they placed them alright,
 They popped off the Vorey lights, Red, Green and White,
 To show where the strip was ere they should alight,
 With no balls at all, No balls at all,
 Their engine cut out and they'd no balls at all.

No Balls At All (continued)

'They came into land, they were full on good cheer,
 And Saint Peter said, "Lads, let us split th' odd beer".
 The pilot replied in a voice clear and shrill,
 "Thank you Saint Peter, I t'ink that we will.
 "For we've no balls at all, no balls at all.
 "Our engines cut out and we've no balls at all.."

The moral of the story's quite plain to see,
 Look after your petrol wherever you be,
 Anf if midst the Kurds and the Arabs you'd roam,
 And you must have them out, have them cut out at home.
 You'll have no balls at all, no balls at all,
 If your engines cut out you'll have no balls at all.

MORE ABOUT DARWIN

Tune: John Brown's Body

We came right up to Darwin just to help to win the war,
 And forgot about a lot of things we used to like before,
 But there's a thing or two on which we're feeling rather sore,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus. We don't want to live in Darwin, Austerity has come to
 It's terribly austere now in Darwin, Darwin,
 Now austerity's here.

They've taken all the girls away and haven't left a soul,
 And there's not a girl about the place who isn't black as coal,
 So things are pretty lousy taking ev'rything on the whole,
 As we go marching on. Chorus: We don't want to live, etc.

They say that down below the pubs are chock-a-block with beer,
 But you can take my word for it, we never got it here,
 Because we are so terribly and fearfully austere,
 As we go marching on. Chorus: We don't want to live, etc.

The little bastard up the line called on us long ago,
 He'd come to sleep and stay for keeps, the little so-and-so,
 But now austerity is here, he's loft for Tokio,
 As we go marching on. Chorus. We don't want to live, etc.

They say the Nips have got down on our rubber by the tin,
 We're losing all our privileges one by bloody one,
 And way down South they're having all the fright without the fun,
 As we go marching on. Chorus. We don't want to live, etc.

Yes, Darwin now is too austere, but Java would be fine,
 With miles of kegs of ice-cold beer in never-ending line,
 And sitting on each foaming keg a luscious concubine,
 To help us marching on. Chorus. We don't want to live, etc.

ABDUL, THE BUL-BUL AMOOR

Now the harems of Egypt are fair to behold,
 And the ladies the fairest of fair,
 But the fairest, a Greek, she was owned by a shoik,
 One Abdul, the Bul-Bul Amoor.

A travelling brothel was brought to the town,
 By a Russian who came from afar,
 And he issued a challenge to all who could shag,
 Did Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

Now Abdul did ride with some snatch by his side,
 His face was all flushed with desire,
 And he wagered a thousand that he could outride,
 Count Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

The spectacle great was arranged for a date,
 When a visit was made by the Tsar,
 The streets were all lined with the harlots entwined,
 With Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

They met on the track with their tools hanging slack,
 The starter's gun punctured the air,
 Both were quick on the rise, but all gasped at the size,
 Of Abdul the Bul-Bul Amoor.

The twots were all shorn, and no frenchies were worn,
 And Abdul's bum revved like a car,
 But he hadn't a hope 'gainst the long even stroke,
 Of Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

After Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun,
 He bent down to polish his pair,
 When he felt something shoot up his old brown choroot,
 'Twas Abdul, the Bul-Bul Amoor.

The harlots turned groon, and the men shouted "Quon!"
 They were ordered apart by the Tsar,
 But fast they were stuck, it was rotten bad luck,
 For Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

But the cream of the joke, when apart they were broke,
 Was laughed at for years by the Tsar,
 For Abdul, the fool, he had bugged his tool,
 On the ring of Skivinski Skivar.

Among Muscovite maidens Count Ivan ranks high,
 The best ram 'neath the pale polar star,
 For he shagged to a standstill the pride of the East,
 Did Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

.....

THE LAVATORY MAN

Last Monday morning the Missus said, "Now Bob,
Go down to a steamship and get yourself a job."
So being a man of action, I hopped on board a tram,
And twenty minutes later I was a lavatory man.

Now my girl Flo, she thinks the world of me,
But she doesn't know I work in a ladies' lavatory.
She comes down to meet me, dressed in lovely clothes,
But where the hell she gets them, God only knows.

Her hats are black and blue and her shoes are black and tan,
And I know she doesn't get them from the lavatory man,

One day upon the gangway from my duties I'm relieved,
When looking on the wharf a lovely lady I perceived,
A lovely looking lady, full of grace and charm,
She had a lot of luggage and a baby on her arm.

I raced down that gangway, just like a knight of old,
And grabbed the infant from her arms, - it was just 3 weeks old,
It left a brown and yelloc stain on my uniform spick and span,
The bastard must have known I was the lavatory man.

.....

THE SPARROW SONG

There was a fucking sparrow, lived up a fucking spout,
Along came a fucking rain -storm and washed the fucker out,
And as he lay a-sprawling, upon the fucking grass,
He told the fucking rain-storm to kiss his fucking arse.

And when the storm was over, and likewise too the rain,
That silly fucking sparrow crawled up that spout again.
Up came a fucking sparrowhawk who spied him in his snuggery,
He sharpened up his beak and claws and chewed him up to buggery.

Up came a fucking sportsman, wot had a fucking gun,
And shot that fucking sparrowhawk and spoilt his fucking fun;
The moral to this story is plain to everyone,
It's them what lives up fucking spouts, don't have no fucking fun.

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

It was the good ship Venus, By God you shoule have seen us,
 Our figure-head was a whore in bed, our crest a rampant penis.

CHORUS. Tiddly-Om Pom Pom, Tiddly-Om Pom Pom,
 Tiddly-Om, Tiddly-Om, Tiddly-Om Pom Pom.

The Captain's name was Muggor, upon that dirty lugger,
 He wasn't fit to shovel shit, the fornicating buggar.

The Captain's wife was Mabel, each time that she was able,
 She and the mate would fornicate upon the galley table.

The first mate's name was Wiggum, By God, he had a big bum,
 We bashed his cock with a lump of rock, for friggin' in the
 /riggin'.

The Skipper's little daughter, she fell into the water,
 Ecstatic squeals revealed that eels had found her sexual quarter.

The cabin boy's name was Ripper, a cunning little nippor,
 He filled his arse with broken glass, and circumcised the skipper.

The ladies of the nation arose in indignation,
 And filled his bum with chowing gum - a smart retaliation.

The bosun's name was Andy, My God, that man was randy,
 We boiled his bum in red-hot rum, for coming in the brandy.

The carpenter, Carruthers, beloved of all the others,
 He wasn't quite hermaphrodite, a mistake of his mother's.

The ship's dog's name was Rover, we fairly bowled him over,
 And ground and ground that faithful hound from Calais Roads to;
 Dover.

On the trip to Buenos Aires, we rogered all the fairies,
 We got the syph. at Tonerriffe, and clap in the Canarios.

'Twas on the China Station, at the Xmas celebration,
 We sank a junk with a load of spunk through mutual masturbation.

The cook's name was O'Malley, for him no shilly-shally,
 He shot his bolt with such a jolt, he wrecked the bloody galley.

The bosun's name was Tupper, we rubbed his balls with butter,
 The charge whizzed past the mizzen mast, and foamed against the/
 scupper.

The Captain was elated, the crew investigated,
 They found some sand in his prostate gland:- he had to be /
 castrated.

ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen, and the village queen,
 Pure and innocent was Angeline,
 Never had a thrill, and a virgin still, Poor Little Angeline.

Now the village squire had a low desire,
 He was the dirtiest bastard in the shire,
 And he'd set his heart on the vital part, Of Poor Little Angeline.

At the village fair the squire was there,
 Masturbating in the middle of the square,
 When he chanced to see the dainty knee of Poor Little Angeline.

She had raised her skirt to avoid the dirt,
 As she tripped between the puddles of the Squire's last squirt,
 And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw, Of Poor Little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said, "Your cat
 "Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,
 But my car is in the square and I'll take you there, Dear Little/
 Angeline."

Now the dirty turd should have got the bird,
 Instead she followed him without a word,
 And as they drove away, you could hear the people say, Poor Little/
 Angeline.

They had not gone far when he stopped the car,
 And took her over to the local bar,
 Where he filled her with gin, just to tempt her to sin, Poor /
 Little Angeline.

When he'd oiled her well he took her to a dell,
 And decided to give her bloody fucking hell,
 And to try his luck at a lay down fuck, On Poor Little Angeline.

With a cry of rape he raised her capo,
 Poor Little Angeline had no escape,
 Now its time someone came to save the fair name, Of Poor Little/
 Angeline.

Now the story is told of a blacksmith bold,
 Who'd loved little Angeline for years untold,
 He was handsome too, and had promised to be true, to Poor Little/
 Angeline.

But sad to say, that very same day,
 The blacksmith had been put into gaol to stay,
 For coming in his pants at the local dance, With Poor Little/
 Angeline.

Now the prison cell overlooked the dell,
 Where the squire was giving her bloody fucking hell,
 And as she lay on the grass, he recognized the arse, of Poor /
 Little Angeline.

So he gave a start, and a mighty fart,
 Which blew the prison bars wide apart,
 And he ran like shit lest the Squire should split, Poor Little/
 Angeline.

Angeline (continued)

When he got to the spot, he saw her twot,
 And tied the villain's penis in a knot,
 And as he lay on his guts he was kicked in the nuts, By Poor/
 Little Angeline.

"Oh Blacksmith, I love you, I love you, I do,
 And I see by your trousers that you love me too,
 Here I am, undressed, so come and do the rest",
 Said Poor Little Angeline.

Now it won't take long to finish this song,
 For the blacksmith's tool was over one foot long,
 And his phallic charm was as brawny as his arm,
 Poor Little Angeline.

.....

WHEN THERE ISN'R A GIRL ABOUT

When ther isn't a girl about you do feel lonely,
 When there isn't a girl about, your'e on your only,
 Absolutely on the self, nothing to do but buggar yourself,
 When there isn't a girl about.

Old Robinson Crusoe lived a life of debauchery,
 On a Christmas isle in the Southern Seas,
 Late one night, when he got into bed,
 He whipped his old Gazooka out, and this is what he said,

"Get hold of this, Get hold of that,
 "Get hold of this, Get hold of that."
 When there isn't a girl about, etc.

Tom, Tom the Piper's son, stole a pig and away he ran
 In and out the houses, down the shady lanes,
 He caught that pig, and grabbed it by the head,
 And whipping his old Gazooka out, this is what he said,

"Get hold of this, Get hold of that, etc"

Little Miss Muffet, sat on a tuffet,
 Giving herself a candle-wang, giving herself a thrill,
 Along came a spider, and sat down beside her,
 He whipped his old Gazooka out, and this is what he said,

"Get hold of this, Get hold of that, etc."

Our Flight Sergeant, he's got a wooden leg,
 He forgot to take it off when he got into bed,
 His wife got in beside him and saw it lying there,
 Then grasping it with both her hands, she offered up this prayer,

"Get hold of this, Get hold of that, etc."

ROLLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

One day Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain side at noon,
 They climbed right up the mountain, but very very soon,
 She came rolling down the mountain,
 She came rolling down the mountain,
 She came rolling down the mountain very wise,
 For she wouldn't give the Deacon,
 That there thing that he was seekin',
 And she's still as pure as West Virginian skies.

Then came Henderson the traveller, with his phrases sweet and kind,
 He took Nancy up the mountain,
 But she wouldn't change her mind,
 She came rolling down the mountain,
 She came rolling down the mountain,
 She came rolling down the mountain by the dam,
 She remains, as we have stated,
 Still quite uncontaminated,
 And as pure as a West Virginian ham.

Then came the village cowboy, came the cowboy with his song,
 He took Nancy up the mountain but she still knew right from wrong,
 She came rolling down the mountain,
 She came rolling down the mountain,
 She came rolling down the mountain by the shack,
 For despite the cowboy's urgin',
 She remains the village virgin,
 And as pure as her Pappy's apple-jack.

Then came the city slicker with his hundred dollar bill,
 He put Nancy in his Packard and he drove her up the hill,
 She stayed up in the mountain,
 She remained up in the mountain,
 She delayed up in the mountain all that night,
 She came down the mountain early,
 More a woman than a girlie,
 And her father kicked the hussy out of sight.

There's an ending to my ditty, she's a'living in the city,
 And from all accounts she's doing mighty well.
 For she's dining and she's wining,
 And she's on her back reclining,
 And the old Virginian hills can go to Hell.

THE OLD MILK RUN

Tune: The Band Played On.

Night after night you will find us in flight,
 On the Old Milk Run.
 Sunset to dawn, you will find us airborne,
 On the Old Milk Run.
 With looks at our clocks, watch the old "Lordy-box"
 Believe me it isn't much fun,
 Through the rain and the shit, and there's plenty of it,
 On the Old Milk Run.

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

When I went home last Saturday night my darling wife to see,
 I saw a hat upon the rack where my hat ought to be,
 So I said to my wifey, "Oh Wifey, tell to me,
 "Whose is that hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be?"
 "Oh you're blind and drunk, you silly old cunt,
 "You're blind and cannot see,
 "For that is but the piss-pot that you gave unto me."
 Now ten thousand miles I've travelled,
 Ten thousand miles or more,
 But I've never seen a piss-pot with a hat band on before.

When I went home last Saturday night my darling wife to see,
 I saw a thing inside her thing where my thing ought to be,
 So I said unto Wifey, "Explain this unto me,
 "What is that thing inside your thing where my thing ought to be?"
 "Oh you're blind and drunk, you silly old cunt,
 "You're blind and cannot see,
 For that is but the rolling pin that you gave unto me."
 Now ten thousand miles I've travelled
 Ten thousand miles or more,
 But I never saw a rolling pin with balls on it before.

When I went home last Saturday night my darling wife to see,
 I saw a face beside her face where my face ought to be,
 So I said to my Wifey, "Explain this unto me,
 "Whose face is that beside your face where my face ought to be?"
 "Oh you're blind and drunk, you silly old cunt,
 "You're blind and cannot see,
 "For that is but the baby's bum that you gave unto me."
 Now ten thousand miles I've travelled,
 Ten thousand miles or more,
 But I never saw a baby's bum with whiskers on before.

ALLIED WORKS COUNCIL

Tune: My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright, but its mucking up the drome,
 The squadron is wasting away,
 While princely sums are deposited back home,
 And the tractors make sweet music half the day.
 The pilots sigh and lament their lack of brains,
 So childish they only fly a kite,
 For if they'd learned tractor driving down the lanes,
 They'd be better off than knowing how to fight.

So whinge no more, you bastards,
 This jealousy's a curse,
 You may shoot Japs down,
 But you won't be worth a crown,
 Till you learn to drive a tractor in reverse.

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

I left the party early, 'twas shortly after nine,
 And by some strange coincidence her room was next to mine,
 And like the bold Columbus, strange regions to explore,
 I took up my position at the keyhole in the door.

Chorus. The keyhole in the door,
 The keyhole in the door,
 I took up my position
 At the keyhole in the door.

She crossed o'er to the fireside, her dainty feet to warm,
 With nothing on but a shimmy that revealed her lovely form,
 I prayed that she'd remove it, I prayed for nothing more,
 By God! I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

Chorus. The keyhole in the door, the keyhole in the door,
 By God! I saw her do it through the keyhole in the
 door.

I wished that I might enter, I wished for nothing more,
 And after many pleadings I crossed the threshold floor,
 And so no one might see us, as I had done before,
 I rammed her little shimmy through the keyhole in the door.

Chorus. The keyhole in the door, etc.

That night I slept in clover and something else besides,
 And on her snow white bosom I had some lovely rides,
 Early in the morning my prick was very sore,
 You'd thought that I had stuffed him through the keyhole in the
 door.

Chorus. The keyhole in the door, etc.

Now listen you astronomers, and men so bloody wise,
 Who gaze up through strange telescopes and study all the skies,
 I'll tell you something certain, I'll tell you something sure,
 Your telescopes have nothing on the keyhole in the door.

Chorus. The keyhole in the door, etc.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT

Tune: The poacher

A boy went into a chandler's shop, some candles for to buy,
 And when he got in the chandler's shop, no chandler did he spy,
 He loudly knocked, he loudly cried, enough to wake the dead,
 But all he heard was rat-a-tat-tat right above his head.

Now he was a very inquisitive youth so up the stairs he went,
 And he was very surprised to find the chandler's wife in bed,
 And she was lying upon her back with a man between her thighs,
 And they were having rat-a-tat-tat, right before his eyes.

And when the deed was over, the wife she raised her head,
 And she was very surprised to find the boy beside her bed,
 "Now if you'll keep my secret, boy, to you I will be kind,
 "And you can have rat-a-tat-tat- whenever you feel inclined."

HI HI CAFOOZELUM

In ancient times there lived a maid,
 Who carried on a roaring trade,
 A prostitute of low repute,
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus. Hi Hi Cafoozelum Cafoozelum Cafoozelum
 Hi Hi Cafoozelum, the harlot of Jerusalem.

One day there came a buggar tall,
 Who with his cock could shift a rock,
 And he had been through nearly all
 The harlots of Jerusalem. Chorus.

He laid her on the earthen floor,
 And had his fill of that old whore,
 Until his penis grew quite sore,
 The same as all Jerusalem. Chorus.

One day there chanced to heave in sight,
 A jebusite, a bloody shite,
 Who shagged her there with all his might,
 The same as all Jerusalem. Chorus.

He took her to a shady nook,
 And there from out his pants he took,
 A penis like a butcher's hook,
 The pride of all Jerusalem. Chorus.

He led her to a shady spot,
 And there right in her shiny twot,
 He spilt his slimy oily lot,
 The best in all Jerusalem. Chorus.

The harlot only took one look,
 She seized him by his mighty crook,
 And slung him into Jordan's brook,
 That flows around Jerusalem. Chorus.

THE MONK OF PRIORY HALL

There was a monk of Priory Hall,
 There was a monk of Priory Hall,
 There was a monk of Priory Hall,
 He bashed his balls against the wall (Repeat 3 times)
 Bastard! Shthead! Shite!

He met a maid with jet black eyes, (Repeat 3 times)
 He placed his hand between her thighs (Repeat 3 times)
 The nasty bastard! The lousy shithead! The filthy shite!

He laid her on her lily white bed (Repeat 3 times)
 And shagged her there till she was dead (Repeat 3 times)
 The immoral bastard! The lecherous shithead! The depraved shite!

The parson came and cried, "For Shame!" (Repeat 3 times)
 And shagged her back to life again. (Repeat 3 times)
 The ecclesiastical bastard! The episcopal shithod! The bible-
 banging old shite!

THE OLD MAID'S CALAMITY

Tune: Oh Dear, What Can the Matter Be.

Oh Dear, what a calamity
Lots of old ladies locked in a lavatory,
They were there from Monday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

They were going to visit the vicar,
They went in together because it was quicker,
But they didn't know that the door was a sticker,
And nobody knew they were there.

The first one's name was Elizabeth Bonder,
She went in there to adjust her suspender,
The end got caught up in her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

The second one's name was Elizabeth Draper,
She went in there hoping someone might rape her,
But all that she got was some pink toilet paper,
And nobody knew she was there.

The third one's name was Elizabeth Porter,
She went in to pass her superfluous water,
She stopped when she'd dribbled a pint and a quarter,
And nobody knew she was there.

The fourth one's name was Elizabeth Jepson,
She had just taken a large dose of Epsom,
And Oh! The result! It was flotsam and jetsom,
And nobody knew she was there.

The fifth one's name was Elizabeth Carter,
She was renowned as a champion farter,
She sat down and puffed off the Moonlight Sonata,
And nobody knew she was there.

The sixth one's name was Elizabeth Humphrey,
She said, "Why, this seat is remarkably comfy".
But when she got up she could not get her bum free,
And nobody knew she was there.

The seventh one's name was Elizabeth Ruffin,
She tried for an hour, but she couldn't do nothin',
She said, "That was good!" but they knew she was bluffin',
And nobody knew she was there.

The eighth one's name was Elizabeth Moyer,
She kept on forever, she couldn't retire,
She found the tide rose ever higher and higher,
And nobody knew she was there.

The ninth one's name was Elizabeth Aitken,
She swallowed a seed which commenced germination,
And there she took root in a queer situation,
And nobody knew she was there.

The Old Maid's Calamity (Continued)

The tenth one's name was Elizabeth Tanner,
She'd swallowed a flute on a trip to Havana,
She blurted, - and out trilled the Star Spangled Banner,
And nobody knew she was there.

The eleventh one's name was Elizabeth Muddle,
She dropped off to sleep ~~at~~ the height of her huddle,
She woke with a start, with her bum in a puddle,
And nobody knew she was there.

The twelfth one's name was Elizabeth Hooper,
She said, "Why, these fittings are quite super-dooper,
"The paper, I find, makes a fine pooper-scooper,
And nobody knew she was there.

The last one's name was Elizabeth Mollish,
Four bits of paper she found she'd demolish,
One down wipe, One up wipe, One dry wipe, One polish,
And nobody knew she was there.

EARLY IN THE MORNING

When I was young and in my prime,
I could raise a horn at any time,
But now that I am old and gray,
I only get it once a day,

That's early in the morning,
That's early in the morning,
That's early in the morning,
I get it once a day.

ALICE BLUE GOWN

In my sweet little Alice Blue Gown,
'Twas the first time I ever was browned,
I was tactful and shy, when he opened his fly,
When I saw what he had, God! I thought I would die,
Then he said to me, "Please turn around,"
And he shoved that big thing up my brown,
Though he ripped it and tore it, I'll always adore it,
The first time I ever was browned.

THE AUSTRALIANAISE (by C. J. Dennis)
Tune: Onward Christian Soldiers.

Fellers of Australia,
Blokes and coves and coots!
Shift yer.....carcasses,
Move yer.....boots,
Gird yer.....loins up,
Git yer.....gun,
And set the.....enemy
Watch the b.....run.

Chorus. Git a move on,
Have some sense,
Learn the art of
Self de-fence.

When the bugle,
Sounds ad. vance
Don't be like a flock er sheep,
In a trance.
Biff the foeman,
Where it don't agree,
Spiffler cate him to E-
Terni- ty. Chorus

Have some brains be-
Neath yer lids
Swing a bloody sabre for the
Missus and the kids.
Chuck supportin' lamp-posts,
An' strikin' lights,
Support a family an'
Strike fer yer rights. Chorus.

Fellers of Australier,
Cobbers, chaps and mates,
Hear the b enemy,
Kickin at the gates.
Blow the bugle
Beat the drum,
Uppercut and out the cow to
Kingdem Come! Chorus.

THE FINEST F....G FAMILY IN THE LAND

Tune: The Road to the Isles.

There's a gentlemens' urinal to the North of Waterloo,
There's ladies lavatory further down,
There's a constipated trollop poking pennies in the slot,
While the bloke in charge locks on her with a frown.
Have you seen my sister, Lily, she's a whore in Piccadilly,
My mother runs a brothel in the Strand,
While my father hawks his arsehole round the Elephant & Castle,
We're the finest f....g family in the land

PEES

Tune: Trees.

I think that there can never be,
 A thing so lovely as a pee.
 A pee that gives your bladder rest,
 And pulls your balls down from your chest,
 A pee that takes away the beer,
 And leaves a feeling wondrous queer.

Ten thousand lamp-posts for a pup,
 An oak tree for a youth grown up,
 But be it man or be it dog,
 Who only wants to piss, not bog,
 Jerries were made for maids, you see,
 But only man can stand to pee.

DING-DONG, PING-PONG

The vicar of a country church,
 To the curate said in fun,
 "I bet I've had more girls than you",
 And the curate said, "It's done!"
 "We'll stand at the gate of the churchyard,
 "And this shall be our sign,
 "You say 'Ding-Dong' to the girls you've had,
 "I'll say 'Ping-Pong' to mine".

Ding-Dong, Ping-Pong

There were more Ding-Dongs than there were Ping-Pongs,
 Till suddenly a nice young girl came along,
 And the curate said, "Ding-Dong".
 "Hold hard" said the vicar, "No ding-dongd there,
 "For that's my wife, I do declare!"
 "Balls" said the curate, "I've been there!
 "It was a hell of a good Ding-Dong!"

THE THREE JEWS

Once upon a time there were three Jews,
 Once upon a time there were three Jews,
 Three Jew Jew Jews, Three Jew Jew Jews,
 Once upon a time there were three Jews.

The first one's name was Abraham, etc.
 The second one's name was Izaac, etc
 The third one's name was Jacob, etc.
 They all went down to Norfolk, etc.
 They all fell down a precipice, etc.
 They took them off to hospital, etc.
 No beds there were vacant, etc.
 My song is done, I'll finish it, etc.

THE LADIES AND THE BISHOP

Tune: Limericks

There were two young ladies of Birmingham,
And this is the story concerning 'em.
They lifted the frock and tickled the cock,
And the balls of the Bishop confirming 'em.

But that Bishop, now he was no fool,
For he'd been to a large Public School,
So he took down his breeches,
And bugged those bitches,
With yards of episcopal tool.

.....

WHO'LL BUY A VULTEE

Tune: Waltzing Matilda.

Once a jolly pilot and his observer,
Flew on a strike far over the sea,
And they sang as they pranged on Fredrik Hendrik Island,
"Who'll buy a Vultee, a Vultee from me?

"Who'll buy a Vultee, Who'll buy a Vultee,
"Who'll buy a wiped-off Vultee from me."

And they sang as they pranged on Fredrik Hendrik Island,
"Who'll buy a Vultee, a Vultee from me?"

.....

Jean Baptisse Pourquoi

Oh, Jean Baptisse Pourquoi, Oh, Jean Baptisse pourquoi,
Oh Jean Baptisse, why do you grease,
Your little dog's arse with tar, Ha Ha, He He, Ho Ho, Bow Wow.

Because he had diarrhoe, Because he had diarrhoe,
That is the reason why I grease
My little dog's arse with tar, HaHa, He He, Ho Ho, Bow Wow.

Continuez, Jean Baptisse, Continuez Jean Baptisse,
Continuez Jean Baptisse to grease,
Your little dog's arse with tar, Ha Ha, He He, Ho, Ho, Bow Wow.

.....

HUMORESQUE

Tune: Dvorak's "Humoresque"

Passengers will please refrain
 From passing water while the train
 Is standing at the station or at rest.
 Tramps and hoboes underneath
 Might get it in their hair and teeth
 Which really is'nt what they like the best.

When passing water, Please call the Porter,
 He will place a vessel in the vestibule.

While the train is at the station,
 We encourage constipation,
 Thank you for observance of this rule!

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I left Milne Bay with a low desire (3 times)
 Scratching my itches, my balls were on fire,
 So roll your leg over, Roll your leg over once more.

I went to a hotel a-scratching my itches (3 times)
 The first thing I did was to haul down my breeches,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.
 I met with a maiden and she was a-weeping (3 times)
 And then there began such a crawling and creeping,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.
 I said to the maid, "May I come to bed with yor?" (3 times)
 The maiden replied, "You're not handcuffed or tied",
 So roll you leg over, roll your leg over once more.

I said to the maiden, "I cannot get in yor" (3 times)
 The maiden replied, "There's a knife by the winder"
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

The knife it was sharp and her drawers split asunder (3 times)
 And then we heard music and lightning and thunder,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

In three months time the maid sat a-weeping, (3 times)
 And then she remembered the crawling and creeping,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

In six month's time the baby stirred in her (3 times)
 And then she remembered the knife by the winder,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

In nine months time the maid split asunder, (3 times)
 And then she remembered the lightning and thunder,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

Now all you young maidens, let this be a warning, (3 times)
 Don't leave your precautions until the next morning,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more

THE LAMENT TO A BEAUFORT

Tune: John Brown's Body

The starting of a Beaufort is a most peculiar art,
No matter how you prime them the best they do is fart,
In fact, on some occasions when the dew is on the grass
One might as well insert the pump up Pratt & Whitney's arse.

Chorus. E, I! E, I! Everybody come,
Come and see the Beaufort boys all sitting on their bums,
Trying to start their engines up amid the mighty roar
Of all the Hudson pilots who have taken off before.

An enthusiastic fitter and some pilots off the course,
Have found to their dismay, and sometime their remorse,
That to overprime those motors is a wilful misdemeanour,
And has about the same effect as a badly aimed enema.

Now the line-up of the Beauforts is a most impressive sight,
And one to cause old Tojo to shit himself with fright;
But when he sees those Beauforts, all U/S two week's after,
He smartly changes from shitting and pisses limself with laughter.

They say that overpriming washes oil off all the walls,
Then starting is about as hard as rooting without balls,
In fact the whole procedure is just a bloody farce,
We love our Bristol Beauforts, -Oh Yes! Pigs Fucking Arse.

To hell with all conventions and the methods they dictate,
You can keep your old procedure and ram it up your date,
'Cos I've come to the conclusion that the way to start the bitch
Is to get a fucking tractor and tow it in high pitch.

EVACUATION SONG (From 77 Squadron)

Tune: Bless em all.

They say there's a Hudson just leaving Milne Bay,
Bound for the Seven Mile,
Heavily laden with terrified men,
Who've been there a bloody long while.

They're shit-scared, and frightened, and brassed off as well
Sergeants and Officers all,
They havn't a notion, in which bloody ocean,
They'll be doing the breast-stroke or crawl.

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

Tune: Dixie

Oh, I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"
"Take it out! Take it out! Take it out! REMOVE IT!"

Oh, I took my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
"Put it back! Put it back! Put it back! REPLACE IT!"

I left my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
"Turn it round! Turn it round! Turn it round! REVOLVE IT!"

Oh, I turned my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Turn it back! Turn it back! Turn it back! REVERSE IT!"

I pulled my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
"What a thrill! What a thrill! What a thrill! REVOLTING!

.....

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK

Tune: My Grandfather's Clock.

My grandfather's cock was too long for his pants,
And it dragged several feet on the floor,
It was longer by half than the old man himself,
And it weighed nigh a hundredweight more,
He'd a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

CHORUS Ninety years without cracking it,
 What a cock! What a cock!
 He spent his life whacking it,
 What a cock! What a cock!
 But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
 When the old man died.

My grandfather's cock was too long for his strides,
So he lent it to the woman next door.
She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of joint,
So he swore he'd never lend it any more.
He'd a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride.
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

CHORUS Ninety years without cracking it etc

THE OLD S.J.Y.

Tune: Home on the range

There are ships on the sea and they sail with safety,
 For they fear not the raider so bold,
 And the sailor's heart sings as the Cat spreads her wings
 Over cargo more precious than gold.

Chorus: High up in the sky,
 Where they're doing the old S.J.Y.
 Oh the convoy is there, but the sailors don't care
 While the Cat Boat is up in the sky.

How oft through the night has a graceful old kite
 Flown on to a dawn rendezvous,
 Where riding the waves over submarine graves,
 Sails the convoy, just specks on the blue. Chorus.

Oh, the hours are long, but endurance is strong,
 Watchful eyes falter not through the flight,
 And the wolves of the deep, like the skunks they are, creep,
 Away from their prey till the night. Chorus

Then the tired old plane heads for home once again,
 The crew are so weary and worn,
 But another old ship choofs along on the trip,
 And the convoy will see her at dawn. Chorus.

A LONG STRONG BLACK PUDDING

(Gregorian Chant)

A stands for A,

A.

L stands for Long,

A Long.

S stands for Strong,

Long Strong,

A Long Strong.

B stands for Black,

Strong Black,

Long Strong Black,

A Long Strong Black.

P stands for Pudding,

Black Pudding,

Strong Black Pudding,

Long Strong Black Pudding,

A Long Strong Black Pudding

U stands for Up, etcM stands for My, etcS stands for Sister's, etcC stands for Cats, etcA stands for Arsehole, etcT stands for Twice, etcN stands for Nightly, etcS stands for Sideways, etc

AMEN!

RING-A-DING-A-DOO

As I was going to Donegal fair,
 I met a lass of beauty rare,
 And she asked me to, she asked me to, what could I do-o,
 But play around with, her ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Chorus. Her ring-a-ding-a-doo, her ring-a-ding-a-doo,
 Oh, what is that? Oh, what is that?

So soft and furry,
 Just like a cat, Just like a cat.
 It's oval in shape, inshape, inshape,
 And split in two-oo,
 That thing she calls
 Her ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Now nine days passed and I felt sore,
 And so I swore that I would never more,
 Assault that thing, assault that thing, you know it too-oo,
 The thing she calls, her ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Chorus. Her ring-a-ding-a-doo, etc.

She went to New York, and on her door,
 She pinned a notice "I AM A WHORE",
 Come all you young men, you old buggars too-oo,
 I'll let you play with, my ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Chorus. Her ring-a-ding-a-doo, etc.

Up came a copper to her front door,
 "Have you a license to be a whore?"
 "No. I havn't got a license, but I'll tell you what I'll do-o,
 I'll let you play with, my ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Chorus. Her ring-a-ding-a-doo, etc.

"Oh, Father De-ar, Oh don't be wild."
 "Just as I thought, you are with child,
 "You've ruined me, you've ruined me, and my family too-oo
 "To Hell with you, and your ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Chorus. Her ring-a-ding-a-doo.

BESIDE A PAPUAN WATERFALL

Tune: The Bells of Hell.

Beside a Papuan waterfall, one bright September day,
 Beside his shattered Kittyhawk, a young P/O he lay.
 And as he hung on a coconut tree, not yet completely dead,
 Oh listen to the very last words the young P/O he said.

"I'm going to a better land, where everything is bright,
 "Where whisky grows on coconut trees, and they play poker every night,
 "There is no work to do all day, just sit around and sing,
 'Il-y-a beaucoup, and women too, Oh Death, where is thy sting?"

Oh Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
 Oh grave, thy victory.
 The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
 For you but not for me.

I asked her would she marry, marry me, but all that she would say,
 Was "Ting-a-ling-a-ling, Oh Ting-a-ling-a-ling, Oh Ting-a-ling-
 a-ling all day".

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

As I stood by O'Reilly's fire,
 Sipping away at rum and water,
 Suddenly a thought came into my mind
 I'd like to ride O'Reilly's daughter.

Chorus: Diddy-I-Ay, Diddy-I-Ay,
 Diddy-I-Ay for the one-eyed Reilly,
 Dom, Dom, Dom, Balls and all,
 Zig-a-zig-a-zig tres bon!

I lay the damsel on the bed,
 Threw my left leg gently over,
 Never a word did the damsel say,
 But she laughed like hell till the fuck was over.

Chorus: Diddy-I-Ay, etc.

I heard two footsteps on the stairs,
 Who should it be but her bloody old father,
 With a pistol in each hand,
 Looking for the man who was up his daughter.

Chorus: Diddy-I-Ay, etc.

I grabbed the bastard by his hair,
 And rammed him into a pail of water,
 Shoved those pistols up his arse,
 A bloody side faster than I fucked his daughter.

Chorus: Diddy-I-Ay, etc.

BULLSHIT

Tune: Nursey.

Up in Cairns, flying Cats, are a queer bunch of chaps,
 They are tough, they are tough, and they terrify the Japs.
 They don't care, when or where, they are sent to bash the foe,
 From the C.O. to the airmen, they warble as they go.

Chorus. Bullshit, it doesn't mean a thing to us,
 Bullshit, who cares if Air Board makes a fuss,
 We have fun, but do a job as well,
 We won't fail them now, so what the Hell!
 So cut out
 Bullshit, it doesn't mean a thing to us,
 So Air Board, Nuts to you!
 And up you N.E.A., We'll go our own sweet way,
 We'll bash the foe, and run our show,
 The way we always do.

Came the day, N.E.A. said, "You'll have to mend your ways,
 You must look, in the book, do everything it says,
 Wear your hats, and your gats, as laid down in A.F.O.s".
 But the Cat boys only laughed and said,
 "We've never heard of those!"

Chorus: Bullshit, it doesn't mean a thing, etc.

ALL THE NICE GIRLS

Tune: All the Nice Girls Like a
Sailor

All the nice girls like a candle,
All the nice girls like a wick,
For there's something about a candle,
That you don't get with a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's the surest way to joy,
It's been up the Queen of Spain,
And it's going up again,
Syph Ahoy, Syph Ahoy.

All the nice boys like a harlot,
All the nice boys like a whore,
For there's something about a harlot,
That you've never known before.
She'll be willing, for a shilling,
And she'll pep you up, my boy,
But she'll leave you on the rocks,
With a bloody good dose of pox,
Syph Ahoy, Syph Ahoy.

All the parsons like a choir boy,
All the parsons like a bum,
For there's something about a choir boy,
That would make an angel come.
Roll him over, sleep in clover,
It's the curate's only joy,
And you needn't give a rap, for you'll never catch the clap,
From a boy, From a boy.

THE FASCINATING BITCH

Tune: The Glow Worm

I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich;
I'd live in a house with a little red light,
I'd sleep all day and work all night.
I'd take a vacation once in a while,
Just to make my clients wild,
I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
Instead of a pure little child.

SALOMIE

Down our street we had a little party,
 Everybody there was, Oh so gay and hearty,
 Talk about a treat! We scuffled all the meat,
 And drank all the beer in the boozier down the street.

Old Uncle Jim was fair fucked up,
 So we put him in the cellar with the old bull pup,
 Little Sonny Jim was longing to get in,
 With his arsehole winking at the moon.

Oh!

Salome, Salome, She's my girl Salome,
 Standing there with her arsehole bare,
 Waiting for someone to slide in there.
 And slide in, and glide in,
 Fair up her fucking chute,
 Two brass balls and an arsehole bare,
 And a foreskin full of fruit.

She's a great big bitch, she's just twice the size of me,
 She's got hairs upon her belly like the branches of a tree,
 She can run, jump, fight, fuck, wheel a barrow, push a truck,
 That's my girl Salome.

On Monday night she takes it up the back,
 Tuesday night she hauls in the slack,
 On Wednesday night she has a spell,
 On Thursday night she fucks like hell,
 On Friday night she takes it up the nose,
 In between her fingers, and down between her toes,
 On Saturday night she fucks for pay,
 And she goes to church on Sunday.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
 Jesus wants me for a sunbeam,
 And a bloody fine sunbeam I'll be.

.....

FUCK AIR BOARD.

Tune: TIT WILLOW.

An airman lay dying on Papuan soil,
 Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board!
 And with his last gasp he gave out the good oil,
 Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board!
 And the reason they gave for his being dead meat,
 Was that ^{had} he had fuck all but baked beans to eat,
 So join in this chorus, with fervour and heat,
 Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board!

.....

THE FOUR WIVES

First there came the airman's wife,
 And she was dressed in beige,
 And in one corner of her funny little thing,
 She had a Handley Paige.
 She had a Handley Paige, my boys,
 The engines all a-throb,
 And in the other corner was an airman on the job.

Chorus. She had those dark and dreamy eyes,
 With a whiz-bang up he Jacksie,
 Singing, "Whoa back, Gee back, come and get your /
 money back,
 Come and have a bang at Mary;
 Singing, Old airmen never die,
 They yank themselves away.

Next there came the Captain's wife,
 And she was dressed in blue,
 And in one corner of her funny little thing,
 She had the lifeboat crew.
 She had the lifeboat crew, my boys,
 The rowlocks and the oars,
 And in the other corner, the marines were forming fours.

Chorus. She had those dark and dreamy eyes, etc.

Next there came the cricketer's wife,
 And she was dressed in vermillion,
 And in one corner of her funny little thing,
 She had the Lord's pavilion.
 She had the Lord's pavilion, boys,
 The scorers and his book,
 And in the other corner, the remains of last night's fuck.

Chorus. She had those dark and dreamy eyes, etc.

Last there came the brewer's wife, and she was dressed in gray,
 And in one corner of her funny little thing,
 She had the brewer's dray.
 She had the brewer's dray, my boys,
 The horses and the beer,
 And in the other corner she had syph. and gonorrhoe.

Chorus. She had those dark and dreamy eyes, etc.

PLEASE DO NOT TREAD ON MY BALLS

Tune: Say, Won't you come to the
Ball

Please do not tread on my balls,
Please do not tread on my balls.
It isn't my fault that they hang so low,
They should have been cut off years ago.
They are what everyone calls,
Truly phenomenal balls.
So please do not tread on my balls,
On my balls, balls, Balls, Balls, Balls!

Don't muck about, Don't fuck about,
Don't muck about, Don't fuck about
Please do not tread, etc.

IN A BROTHEL IN LONDON

Tune: Dinkie Die

In a brothel in London a harlot did dwell,
The dirty old bastard, I knew her quite well,
And in the back room where the deeds came to pass,
She opened the window and shoved out her arse,
Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die,
She opened the window and shoved out her arse.

A poor old night watchman was just passing by,
That poor old night watchman was eating a pie,
The poor old night watchman looked up in the sky,
And a steaming hot turd hit him fair in the eye,
Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die,
A steaming hot turd hit him fair in the eye.

That poor old night watchman was blinded for life,
With twentyfour kids and a prostitute wife,
And on the street corner you'll see him now sit,
Saying, "Please spare a coin, Sir, I've been blinded by shit".

Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die,
Saying, Please spare a coin, Sir, I've been blinded by shit".

SWEET FANNY ADAMS

Sweet Fanny Adams, always so blithe and gay,
Carved her name on an old oak tree, one day in May,
But the woodpecker came in September,
And the woodpecker would peck away,
Now all that is left on the old oak tree,
Is SWEET F. A.

SALTY HALL

My name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
 My name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
 My name is Sammy Hall, and I've only got one ball,
 But its better than fuck all,
 Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, Buggar them all, Big and Small,
 Fucking shit, Damn and Blast, Piddle and Piss.

They say I killed a man, killed a man, killed a man, (Twice)
 I hit him on the head, with a bloody lump of lead,
 And now the bastard's dead,
 Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, etc.

They put me in a cell, in a cell, in a cell, (Twice)
 They put me in a cell, Fucking awful place to dwell,
 But there's bastards here as well,
 Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, etc.

They say I'm going to swing, going to swing, going to swing, (Twice)
 They say I'm going to swing on a bloody lump of string,
 What a fucking awful thing!
 Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, etc.

The parson he will come, he will come, he will come, (Twice)
 The parson he will come, and he'll preach of Kingdom Come,
 He can shove it up his bum,
 Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, etc.

The sheriff will come too, will come too, will come too, (Twice)
 The sheriff will come too with his bloody awful crew,
 They've got fuck all else to do,
 Damn your eyes, blast your soul, etc.

To heaven I will go, Iwill go, Iwill go, (Twice)
 To heaven I will go, and I'll piss on those below,
 I thought I'd let you know,
 Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, etc.

And now I am in Hell, am in Hell, am in Hell, (Twice)
 And now I am in Hell, fucking awful place to dwell,
 But there's bastards here as well,
 Damn you eyes, Blast your soul, Buggar them all, Big and Small,
 Fucking shit, Damn and blast, Piddle and Piss!

SAY, SAILOR JOE!

Tune: Sailor's Hornpipe.

Say, Sailor Joe, Do your balls hang low,
 Do you tie 'em in a knot, Do you tie 'em in a bow.
 Said the Captain of a whaler as he whopped it up a sailor,
 And he played his ukulele as the ship went down.

BEAUFORTS! THE D.A.P.'S PRIDE

7 Squadron Song

Tune: Dinkie Die

With conversions and courses to kill us they've tried,
 By some bloody mischance they've all just survived,
 On Beau-bloody-bombers we've all qualified,
 So we're off to the war in the D.A.P.'s pride.

Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die,
 We're off to the war in the D.A.P.'s pride.

In this wallowing pig we are off to the war,
 Minus torpedoes and titbits galore,
 And the Jesus Box Company closed down its store,
 Even Air Board admits they don't know what we're for.

Dinkie Die, etc.

As fighters they say we are too bloody slow,
 The target for bombing is too far to go,
 As transports there's no place the darn stuff to stow,
 Our purpose they say they don't bloody well know.

Dinkie Die, etc.

Then along came a bloke, a beaut Air Board Madonna,
 He must have been riddled with sypho or gonna,
 For he thought up a use for the Beau-bloody-bomber,
 We're erecting a huge pile of shit in his honour.

Dinkie Die, etc.

Now we stooge round in circles in submarine sweeps,
 There are more bloody convoys than Yanks have got jeeps,
 The sight of a ship only gives us the creeps,
 If we only had "George" we could all have some sleeps.

Dinkie Die, etc.

The first bloody hour we spend searching the sea,
 The convoy ain't where it should bloody well be,
 Its miles from the spot on the daily GG,
 So we'll find it by D.R. or faith in J.C.

Dinkie Die, etc.

The next hour is easy, once the convoy is found,
 Our minutes with all sorts of pleasures abound,
 We look for Jap subs that we know aren't around,
 And we do all the tricks on which Air Board has frowned,

Dinkie Die, etc.

The third hour it finds us beginning to freeze,
 As with fodder our hunger we try to appease
 On an unvaried diet of biscuits and cheese
 And jam with more seeds than a dog has got fleas.

Dinkie Die, etc.

The fourth hour's the one when we want to relax,
 With all sorts of horrible pains in our jacks,
 We don't give a hoot for positions and tracks,
 When we think that for this we pay damned income tax.

Dinkie Die, etc.

(Continued overleaf)

Beauforts! The D.A.P.'s Pride (continued)

The fifth hour it sees us a really grim sight,
The pilot has "had it", the Wag flies the kite,
The poor flying arsehole keeps watching the height,
And the rear gunner sleeps dreaming dreams of delight.

Dinkie Die, etc.

The last hour's the best as for home we set course,
We've seen quite enough of the bloody H force,
We're tired as a dog, we could eat a dead horse,
We've heard nothing all day but engines and Morse.

Dinkie Die, etc.

And then when we've landed to ops room we file,
We tell them nil sightings the vis. is one mile,
We answer all questions with slap-happy guile,
Then off to the mess to get drunk in grand style.

Dinkie Die, etc.

The beaut Boston pilots, they treat us with scorn,
The Beaufighters say that we give them the horn,
And that is the reason we look all forlorn,
So back to our convoys and take-offs at dawn.

Dinkie Die, etc.

And after the war there will be a parade,
The Navy, the Air Force, and Army Brigade,
And right at the rear, well back in the shade,
Are the crews of the Beauforts the D.A.P. made,

Dinkie Die, etc.

FAREWELL SONG

75 Squadron

Tune: Thanks for the Memory

Thanks for the memory,
Of every bosker night, the feeling was just right,
We drank our beer in harmony, and leisurely got tight,
Oh thank you so much!

Thanks for the memory,
Les Jackson in the chair, good fellowship was there,
We ground-strafed Mr Trouble, dropped two-fifties on old Care,
How lovely it was!

Remember the songs that you taught us,
And poor Angeline's rude adventure,
In your company we've a debenture,
And we want more of "Ah Hates War!".

Thanks for the memory,
Of many happy days, we liked each other's ways,
We drank the bottled sunshine and reflected all the rays,
Oh thank you so much!

AS BOYS WE WENT TO SCHOOL.

Tune: A Life on the Ocean Wave

As boys we went to school, where the teacher taught us tricks,
Before she taught us our A.B.C., she taught us to play with our

Pretty young maidens they were, they lay upon their backs,
They'd take it in their hands, and lead it right up their

Auntie Mary had two rabbits, and one of them was a buck,
She put them in a cage together, and taught them how to

Fry the fish for tea, with a touch of sanity,
It helps you answer nature's call, and makes you want to

Peter went out in a boat, and the boat began to rock,
One of the crew fell overboard, and a shark swam away with his

Cock-a-doodle-doo, what's it to do with you,
Leave it alone, and play with your own ^{own} canoe.

I took my girl out fishing in a thing they called a punt,
The line got tangled round her legs, and the hook went up her

Country girls are nice, they teach you how to dance,
They cock their legs around your neck, and show their dirty

Ask Old Brown to tea, with all his family,
And if he won't come, we'll tickle his bum with a stick of ^{holly} tree.

.....

OLD MOTHER MURPHY.

Old Mother Murphy, Queen of the fairies,
She's as clever as I don't know what.
She can balance two pennies on the ends of her dairies,
Do a double somersault, and catch them in her twot.

Catch them in her twot, catch them in her twot,
Do a double somersault and catch them in her twot.

Mary in the garden sifting cinders,
Cocks her leg and farts like a man,
And when she farts she breaks all the windows,
And the cheeks of her arse go Bang, Bang, Bang!
Bang, Bang, Bang! Bang, Bang, Bang!
And the cheeks of her arse go Bang, Bang, Bang!

.....

THE OLD MAID SAT BY THE FIRE.

The old maid sat by the fire,
The Tom cat sat beside her,
The old maid sat, by the old tom cat,
And she lifted up her dress a little higher.
She lifted up her dress a little higher,
She lifted up her dress a little higher,
The old maid sat by the old tom cat,
And she lifted up her dress a little higher.

The cat for a rat did take it,
The cat for a rat did take it,
He made one spring at the old maid's thing,
And by Christ, did he shake it,
And by Christ did he shake it,
And by Christ did he shake it,
He made one spring at the old maid's thing,
And by Christ did he shake it.

She screamed, she spat, she farted,
She screamed, she spat, she farted,
She made such a din that the neighbours rushed in,
And the cat and the cunt were parted.
The cat and the cunt were parted,
The cat and the cunt were parted,
She made such a din that the neighbours rushed in,
And the cat and the cunt were parted.

They sent for a learned physician,
To tell of the woman's condition.
He said with a grunt, as he gazed at her cunt,
She's busted the fucking partition,
She's busted the fucking partition, (repeat)
He said with a grunt, as he gazed at her cunt,
She's busted the fucking partition.

.....

FATHER'S SITTING ON THE CISTERN.

Tune: John Brown's Body.

Father's sitting on the cistern,
Mother's playing with the chain,
When she accidentally pulled it,
Father went a gутser down the drain.

.....

WHOA BACK. GEE BACK.

I took my girl out fishing, in a thing they call a punt,
The line got tangled round her legs, and the hook went up her
Whoa Back, Gee Back, Come and get your money back,
You know what I mean,
The birds fly high, the birds fly low,
The birds fly in between.

I took my girl to the races, I sat her in a box,
And all the soldiers passing said " I bet she's got the "
Whoa Back, Gee Back, etc.

I took my girl to the pictures, we sat down in the stalls,
She must have got excited, cos she grabbed me by the
Whoa Back, Gee Back, etc.

I took my girl to the theatre, we sat down in the pit,
Before the show was half way through, I'd grabbed her by the
Whoa Back, Gee Back, etc.

I took my girl to a restaurant, On the menu there was duck,
She said she'd rather go upstairs, and have a stand-up
Whoa Back, Gee Back, etc.

I took my girl out parking, I laid her on some bags,
But when I started fooling round, I found she had the
Whoa Back, Gee Back, etc.

.....

SHE'S UP THE FLUE.

Tune: Johnnie's in Town.

I took young Sally, way down in our alley,
I naughtied her twice, by Christ it was nice,
But I found it was folly, what I thought was jolly,
For now I must make her my wife,
And everybody cried " Shame !
He is the one who's to blame, Oh Jesus!

She's up the flue, she's up the flue,
Oh, Jesus Christ Almighty, what shall I do?
I've tried pills and everything,
And now poor me, I must bear the consequences,
Here comes her Dad,
Won't he be mad,
I never knew he was so bad,
But if there's a miscarriage, there won't be no marriage,
To the girl I put up the flue.

.....

THE MEMBER OF THE AIR BOARD.

Tune: Rapasz Band.

Doesn't it hum ! Tight as a drum!
 Queen of all the fairies!

Ain't it a pity she's only one titty,
 To feed the baby on.
 Poor little buggar, he'll never play rugger,
 He isn't sufficiently strong.
 When he gets older and bigger and bolder,
 He'll take himself in hand,
 The reason why, the reason, why,
 He'll never understand.
 They tried him at the Admiralty,
 They tried him out on land and sea,
 They tried him and tried him without success,
 They extracted him out of mess after mess,
 And then they made him a member of Air Board.

That is the truth, God bloody struth,
 And in addition.

Weak and untutored, he'll always be rooted,
 He'll never take a trick,
 At the Vic Barracks he'll always drink Tarax,
 'Cos beer just makes him sick.
 Attending each meeting of Air Board and bleating
 The things he's told to say,
 But, just the same, you'll see his name
 As C.A.S. one day.
 For he's the type that gets along,
 He doesn't know a thing so can't go wrong,
 So, when there isn't a plane to fly,
 No Kittyhawk or P.B.Y.
 Remember they made him a member of Air Board.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Tune: Here We Go Gathering Nuts & May

A broker from the wool exchange came home one morn at five O'clock
 And found his wife was chock-a-block,
At five o'clock in the morning.
 Then began a hell of a race, round and round at a hell of a pace,
 With one man's arse in the other man's face,
At five o'clock in the morning.
 He pulled out his knife so shiny and slick,
 And swore he would cut off the other man's prick,
 And this he did with a hell of a click,
At five o'clock in the morning.
 They rang up an ambulance mighty slick,
 They said they'd be round in half a tick,
 But where was the cat that swallowed the prick?
At five o'clock in the morning.
 The moral of all this trouble and strife,
 Is never to shag another man's wife.
 Because if you do you'll be bugged for life,
At five o'clock in the morning.

TIT- BITS

Tune: Abdul, the Bul-Bul Amoor

The People who count, they all went to Rue Mount,
To a party where no-one was bored,
And a sailor who came, wished to imprint his name,
In the book that is kept by the Lord.

A bit of a chit said she'd dangle her tit,
In a bucket of frothy champagne,
And Little Boy Blue could have the first chew,
'Twas really a very nice game.

Then having been dipped, the nipple was sipped,
With gusto and later with vim,
But this boy from the sea, no sucker was he,
The grog made a beast out of him.

A perishing howl that came from her bowel,
Rolled forth from the maiden so sweet,
As this hobble-de-hoy, this frolicsome boy,
In her bobber sank thirty-two teeth.

And now as she sits with her odd set of tits,
Bemoaning her loss and her fate,
She wishes no doubt, with a fervour devout,
That he'd licked, not her tit, but her date.

On the deck of a cruiser, far far to the north,
A sailor lad drools at the mouth,
When he thinks of the night when he took a great bite,
From the breast of a lady down South.

SONG FROM "LONDON DIARY"
"IL DUCE GAVE THE ORDER"

Tune: John's Brown's Body.

Il Duce gave the order to march against the foe,
And off to Ethiopia the organ-grinders go,
But now they're back again, unfit for any sort of grind,
For they're back from Ethiopia with their organs left behind.

The hosts of Ethiopia return to hearth and home,
With knick-knacks for the mantelpiece, imported straight from Rome
The Pope is inundated now with pleas to join the choir,
From men whose normal voices are now an octavo higher.

Il Duce mounts the rostrum on the regiment's return,
With an unknown eunuch's ashes in a noble Roman urn,
"For some great gift of gratitude this great occasion calls,
What shall we give our heroes? And the heroes answered "BALLS".

WERRIBEE MADGE.
(Down at Point Cook)

Down at Point Cook where the bullshit lics thick,
Down at Point Cook where the babies come quick,
It was there that I met her, the girl I adore,
She's Werribee Madge, she's the Air Forces whore.

She's lousy, she's poxy, she lives on the street,
Whenever you meet her she's always on heat,
She'll fuck for a dozen, take less, or take more,
She's Werribee Madge, she's the Air Forces whore.

She came down to Point Cook to see all the boys,
To see if she couldn't attend to their joys.
The C.O. was staggered, the officers bucked,
And Werribee Madge she got properly fucked.

.....

SWEET VIOLETS.

My brother went into the woodshed,
Some wood he wanted to split,
But when he grabbed hold of the handle,
He found it was covered with
Sweet Violets, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over with snow.

My brother he worked in a sewer,
Some lamps they had to be lit,
One evening there was an explosion,
And my brother was covered with
Sweet Violets, sweeter than all the roses etc.

Now baby was eating an apple,
They thought he had swallowed the pip,
But when they examined his nappy,
They found it was covered in
Sweet Violets, sweeter than all the roses, etc.

.....

ALL THE LITTLE ANGELS

Tune: Poor Alice is a-wooping

All the little Angels ascend up, ascend up,
All the little Angels ascend up on high.

Ascend up, ascend up,
Which end up, ARSE END UP!
All the little angels ascend up on high.

.....

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY.

Tune: The Bells of Saint Mary's

The balls of O'Leary,
Are wrinkled and weary,
They're pimpled and hairy,
Like the dome of St. Paul's,
But the people all muster,
To gaze at the cluster,
They gaze and stare at the marvellous pair,
Of O'Leary's balls.

.....

HOME PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

Tune: Through the night of
doubt and sorrow.

Home presents a dismal picture,
Dark and gloomy as the tomb,
Father has an anal stricture,
Mother's got a fallen womb.

Brother James has been deported,
For a homosexual crime,
Jane our maid has just aborted,
For the thirty second time.

Sis has chronic menstruation,
Never laughs and never smiles,
Minc's a bloody occupation,
Cracking ice for father's piles.

Aunty Kate has diarrhoea,
Shits ten times more than she ought,
Stands all day beside the rear,
Lest she should be taken short.

But we must not be downhearted,
We must not be put about,
Cousin Susie has just farted,
Turned her arschole inside out.

.....

PLEASE DON'T BURN OUR SHITHOUSE DOWN

Oh, please don't burn our shithouse down,
Mother has promised to pay,
Father's away on the ocean wide,
And Kate's in the family way.

The boy, poor dear, has gonorrhoea,
And times is fucking hard,
So if you burn our shithouse down,
We'll have to shit in the yard.

.....

PEEK-A-BO.

When I was just a very young chap,
 Nursie would take me upon her lap,
 She was a very saucy young thing,
 She'd lift up my nighdy and play with my thing,
 Singing "Peek-a-bo, Peek-a-bo,"
 How she would waggle it to and fro,
 That was a very long time ago,
 I wish she'd come back now and play Peek-a-bo.

FATHER'S GRAVE

They're digging up Father's grave to build a sewer,
 They're doing the job regardless of expense,
 They're shifting his remains, to make way for some drains,
 To titivate some toff's new residence.

Now Father in his day was not a quitter,
 And I don't suppose He'll be a quitter now,
 So when that job's complete, he'll haunt that shithouse seat,
 And only them'll shit as hellallow.

Now Blimey! Won't there be some constipation,
 And won't those shit-bound toffs all bloody well rave,
 But they'll get what they deserve, what has the bleeding nerve,
 To fuck about a British workman's grave.

THE RAM OF DERBYSHIRE

Tune: The Derby Ram.

There was a ram of Derbyshire, who had a curious trick,
 Of jumping over barbed wire gates, and he always bumped his leg.

CHORUS. And if you don't believe me,
 And think I'm telling a lie,
 Just ask the girls of Derbyshire,
 And they'll tell you the same as I.

This ram it had two horns, Sir, and they were made of brass,
 One grew out of his forehead, and one grew out of his ear.

CHORUS And if you don't believe me etc.

And when the ram was young, Sir, they kept him in a truck,
 And all the girls of Derbyshire, came out to see him eat.

CHORUS And if you don't believe me, etc.

And when that ram was dead, Sir, they buried him in St. Paul's,
 It took two men and a barrow, Sir, to carry one of his legs.

CHORUS And if you don't believe me, etc.

A DINTY OF A TITTY.

Tune: Dinkie Die.

When sailors are babies, how sweetly they sit,
They suckle their milk from their dear lother's tit,
And when they grow up they all sing this refrain,
"We still love the titty if dipped in champagne"

Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die,

We still love the titty if dipped in champagne.

One night at a party a girl full of booze,
Said, "Drink from my titty, I've nothing to lose,"
And as he was sipping her titty so sweet,
The bastard got hungry and started to eat,

Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die, etc.

He bit off her nipple, she started to bawl,
He spat it straight out and it stuck to the wall,
The last that I heard it was still sticking there,
Which proves the old saying that "Sailors don't care".

Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die, etc.

They sent for the cops, he was landed in jail,
He got out next morning on very light bail,
The case was heard later before the police,
And the P.M. said "Sailor, you must keep the piece".

Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die, etc.

AIR BOARD LOVES US (76 Squadron Collection)

Tune: Jesus Loves Me.

Air Board loves us, this we know,
For the Grouper tells us so,
We are weak and they are strong,
All P.O's to them belong.

Yes, Air Board loves us,

Yes, Air Board loves us,

Yes, Air Board loves us,

They do, like Fucking Hell.

LOU LOU

(76 Squadron Collection)

Bang it into Lou Lou, Bang it good and strong,
What'll we do for a Bang, Bang, Bang, When Lou Lou's dead and gone

Some girls work in factories, some girls work in stores,
But Lou Lou works in a knocking shop with fourteen other whores.

Lou Lou had a baby, Lou Lou got a shock,
She couldn't call it Lou Lou, 'cos the bastard had a cock.

TABOO TABIE

Tune: Mademoiselle from
Armentieres.

A British officer crossed the Rhine, Taboo Tabie (Twice)
A British officer crossed the Rhine, to try the women and drink the
Taboo, Tabie, Taboliky Ai, Taboo, Tabie. / wine

Oh farmer, have you a daughter fair, Taboo, Tabie, (Twice)
Oh farmer, have you a daughter fair with lily white tits and golden
Taboo, Tabie, Taboliky Ai, Taboo, Tabie. / hair

Oh no, my son, she's far too young, Taboo, Tabie (Twice)
Oh no, my son, she's far too young to be fucked by any son of a
Taboo, Tabie, etc. / gun,

Oh, Father dear, I'm not too young, Taboo, Tabie, (Twice)
Oh, Father dear, I'm not too young, I've done it before and I think
Taboo, Tabie, etc. / it's fun,

So up the stairs together they went, Taboo, Tabie, (Twice)
So up the stairs together they went, and they rollicked away to
Taboo, Tabie, etc. / their hearts content,

They rollicked all night and they rollicked all day, Taboo, Tabie
They rollicked all night and they rollicked all day, and the officer
Taboo, Tabie, etc. / rollicked his bollocks away.

The first three months and all was well, Taboo, Tabie, (Twice)
The first three months and all was well, yes, all was well with
Taboo, Tabie, etc. / Mademoiselle,

The second three months she began to swell, Taboo, Tabie, (Twice)
The second three months she began to swell, and all was hell with
Taboo, Tabie, etc. / Mademoiselle,

The third three months she gave a grunt, Taboo, Tabie, (Twice)
The third three months she gave a grunt, and a little black nigger
Taboo, Tabie, etc. / hopped out of her cunt,

The little black buggar, he grew and he grew, Taboo, Tabie, (Twice)
The little black buggar he grew and he grew, and he shagged his
Taboo, Tabie, etc. / mother and sisters too

And now he's dead and in his box, Taboo, Tabie (Twice)
And now he's dead and in his box, he died of a hell of a load of
Taboo, Tabie, Taboliky Ai, Taboo, Tabie. / pox.

.....

GENERAL SALUTE

Tune: R.A.A.F. General Salute

Spring to attention boy's,
Here comes the Air Vice Marshal,
He has lots of rings,
But he's only got one arschole.

.....

THE BLUE BLACK CHILD (Stephen's Song)

Tune: Early in the morning.

A maiden sat in a mountain glen,
Seducing herself with a fountain pen,
The capsule broke, and the ink flowed wild,
And she was delivered of a blue black child,

CHORUS And they called the bastard Stephen,
They called the bastard Stephen,
They called the bastard Stephen,
'Cos he was a blue black child.

The maiden cried, "Why what a slip,
My fountain pen I'll never dip",
For telling why, and how, and when,
Use Stephen's Ink in a Stephen's pen.

CHORUS And they called the bastard Stephen etc.

.....

THE HAIRS ON HER DICKY-DIE-DO

If she was my daughter, I'd have them cut shorter,
The hairs on her dicky-die-do hang down to her knees.

CHORUS. I know, 'cos I've seen them,
I've been right up between them,
The hairs on her dicky-die-do,
Hang down to her knees.

She lives on a mountain, and pees like a bloody fountain,
And the hairs on her dicky-die-do etc.

One black one, one white one, one with a little bit of shit
And the hairs on her dicky-die-do etc. on,

She lives on a cattle ranch, and shits like a bloody avalanche,
The hairs on her dicky-die-do etc.

.....

OH, Mrs RILEY

Oh, Mrs Riley, I want you for me wife,
I haven't had a bang, bang, in all me bloody life!
"Get out, you lying bastard, how dare you tell me so,
You only had a bang, bang, bang, just half and hour ago."

CHORUS Half and hour ago, half an hour ago,
You only had a bang, bang, bang,
Just half and hour ago.

.....

AN AIRMAN TOLD ME.

Tune: Old 100th Psalm.

An airman told me before he died,
I don't know whether the bastard lied,
No matter how hard he tried,
His wife was never satisfied.

So he fashioned a tool of ten inch steel,
Driven by a crank and a bloody great wheel,
Two brass balls he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went that bloody great wheel,
In and out went that tool of steel,
Till his wife with rapture cried,
"At last, at last, I'm satisfied".

But, alack, alas, the biter bit,
There was no way of stopping it,
Her cunt into her rectum split,
Which proves that brevity's the soul of wit!

.....

DOWN THE DARK ALLEY WHERE SHE FOLLOWED ME.

The first time I met her, she was all dressed in white,
All in white, all in white, I said "I'm free tonight".
Down the dark alley where she followed me,
Followed me, followed me.
There were ham rolls, and jam rolls, and rissoles and wheels,
Down the dark alley where she followed me.

Blue. She said, "I'll come with you, etc.

Red. I laid her on her bed, etc.

Black. I rolled her on her back, etc.

Brown. I slipped her panties down, etc.

Pink. God! How that lass did stink!

Green. I pushed it in between,

Yellow. She gave a fearful bellow,

Holiotrope. I greased it with some soap,

Rose. God, she was on the nose!

Buff. I'd put her up the duff,

Slate. We saw the magistrate,

Gray. Ten bob a week I pay,

Beige. She went back on the stage,

Mauve. Shagged by some other cove,

.....

THE SONG OF THE GREMLINSTune: Stand by your glasses
steady

Oh this is the song of the gromlins,
As told by the P.R.U.
Believed by few, not many,
But nevertheless it is true.

When you're seven miles up in the Heavens,
And it's a hell of a lovely spot,
And it's fifteen degrees below zero,
Which isn't so bloody hot.

Oh, it's then that you see the Gremlins,
Green, Gamboge, and Gold,
Male, female, and neuter,
Gremlins both young and old.

Oh, it's then that you see the Gremlins,
And the lessons you learnt on the Link,
Won't help you evade these Gremlins,
Though you boost, and you dive, and you jink.

Oh, the white ones will waggle your wing-tips,
Male ones will muddle your maps,
Green ones will guzzle your Glycol,
And females will flutter your flaps.

Pink ones will perch on your perspec,
They'll dance pirouettes on your prop,
And the sphorical, middle aged Gremlin,
Will spin on your stick like a top.

Oh, they'll bond, and they'll break, and they'll batter,
They'll bite through your aileron wires,
And just as you orbit to pancake,
Stick hot toasting forks in your tyres.

Yes, this is the song of the Gromlins,
As told by the P.R.U.
Believed by few, not many,
But nevertheless it is true.

.....

COLD !

Cold as a frog in a half frozen pool,
Cold as the end of a Laplander's tool,
Cold as an Eskimo, gloomy and glum,
Cold as the hairs on a Polar Bear's bum,
Cold as the ice when it starts to thaw,
Cold as the love of an elderly whore,
Cold as Charity - and that's pretty chilly,
But none so cold as my girl-friend Tilly.

.....

A HANDSOME YOUNG FARMER.

Tune: 'To Market, to Market
to buy a fat pig.'

A handsome young farmer once lived by a school,
This handsome young man used to play with his
Marbles in the springtime with the lady next-door,
You could tell by her actions that she was a

Very nice young lady, she'd lie on the grass,
And when she turned over, you could see all her
Fashions and fancies, she could swim like a duck,
You could tell by her actions she knew how to

Bring up young children to sew and to knit,
While the boys in the cow-shed were shovelling
Shavings and sawdust that lay on the floor
If you like my gay story, I'll tell you some more.

She went to the market to buy a fat hog,
While the farmer by the road-side was having a
Look at some daisies that grew by a rock,
And when she approached him, he pulled out his

Wallet from his pocket, with a sly little grunt,
So she lay down beside him, and showed him her
Hand-bag and stockings - she was too shy to speak,
And so they got married, and live by the creek.

.....

MARY WAS A SERVANT GIRL

Tune: Bell Bottomed Trousers

Mary was a servant girl, she lived in Drury Lane,
Her mistress loved her dearly, and her master did the same,
One night there came to supper, a sailor from the sea,
And this was the beginning of Mary's misery.

She took him up a candle to light his way to bed,
She took him in a night-cap to put upon his head.
Poor quiet little Mary, not thinking any harm,
Crept into bed beside him to keep his belly warm.
And when the following morning, the sailor he awoke,
He pulled from out his pocket a nice five-dollar note.
"Take this my darling Mary, for all the harm I've done,
For sooner or later you'll have a daughter or a son."

"If it is a daughter, bounce her on your knee,
But if its a boy, send the bastard out to sea,
With a pair of good bell-bottoms and a suit of navy blue,
Then he can climb the rigging like his old man climbed up you!"

"A warning, yes, a warning, a warning let this be,
And never trust the Navy, an inch above your knee,
For if you do, my darling, you surely will regret,
For he'll sail away and leave you with a bastard for a pot."

.....

LILI MARLENE

Underneath the lantern, by the barracks gate,
 Darling I remember the way you used to wait,
 'Twas there that you whispered, tenderly,
 That you loved me, you'd always be,
 My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene.

Time would come for roll-call, time for us to part,
 Darling I'd caress you and press you to my heart,
 And there heath that far off lantern light,
 I'd hold you tight, we'd kiss Goodnight,
 My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene.

Orders came for sailing somewhere over there,
 All confined to Barracks was more than I could bear,
 I knew you were waiting in the street,
 I heard your feet, but could not meet,
 My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene.

Resting in a billet, just behind the line,
 Even tho' we're parted, your lips are close to mine,
 You wait where that lantern softly gleams,
 Your sweet face seems to haunt my dreams,
 My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene.

RED PLUSH BREETCHES.

John Thomas was a butler tall,
 The pride of all the servant's hall,
 For he wore red plush breeches,
 For he wore red plush breeches,
 What kept John Thomas warm.

Eliza was a maiden shy,
 He eyed her with lascivious eye,
 He leapt upon her with a cry,
 He leapt upon her with a cry,
 And rent those red plush breeches.

They found a chair to sit upon,
 They found a bed to lie upon,
 Eliza now sews buttons on,
 Eliza now sews buttons on,
 That pair ofr d plush breeches.

Eliza had an illegit-,
 It's face was like a piece of shit,
 She knows just who to blame for it,
 And everytime she looks at it,
 She thinks of red plush breeches.

A LADY WAS A'DRESSING.

A lady was a-dressing, a-dressing for a ball,
Then she espied a tinker, pissing up against a wall,
CHORUS With his bloody great kidney wiper,
His bloody great kidney weed,
And half a yard of foreskin,
Hanging down below his knees.

The lady wrote a letter, and in it she did say,
I'de rather have a tinker than my old man any day,
CHORUS With his bloody, etc.

The tinker got the letter, and when it he did read,
His balls began to fester, and his prick began to bleed,
CHORUS With his bloody, etc.

He mounted on his charger, he rode up to the Strand,
His balls across his shoulder, and his penis in his hand,
CHORUS With his bloody, etc.

He rode up to the mansion, he rode up to the Hall,
"My God!" exclaimed the butler, "He has come to fuck us all!"
CHORUS With his bloody, etc.

He fucked the cook in the kitchen, he fucked the maid in the hall,
But when he fucked the butler was the dirtiest trick of all,
CHORUS With his bloody, etc.

And then he fucked the mistress, in ten minutes she was dead,
With half a yard of foreskin hanging round about her head,
CHORUS With his bloody, etc.

The tinker now is dead, Sir, they say he's gone to Hell,
I bet he fucks the Devil, and I bet he fucks him well,
CHORUS With his bloody, etc.

BABY'S SONG

Tune: Twinkle Twinkle.

When my prayers were early said,
Who tucked me in my iddle bed,
Who spanked me arse till it was red?
Me Mudder.

When me bum was nice and hot,
Who lifted me from cosy cot,
And set me on the ice cold pot?
Me Mudder.

And when morning light had come,
And in bed I'd dribbled some,
Who wiped my tiny iddle bum?
Me Mudder.

THE HOLE IN THE ELEPHANT'S BOTTOM

My ambition's to go on the stage,
 And now my ambition I've gotten,
 In pantomime I'm all the rage,
 I'm the hole in the elephant's bottom.

CHORUS Up 'em all, Up 'em all,
 For the cream of society passes my way,
 I'm the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Now the fellow who takes the front part,
 His manners are perfectly rotten,
 He simply does nothing but fart,
 Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

CHORUS. Up 'em all, etc.

The Manager says I'm all balls,
 For every time that I spot 'em,
 I wink at the girls in the stalls,
 Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

CHORUS Up 'em all, etc.

My part hasn't got any words,
 And so I have never forgot 'em,
 I simply slip property turds,
 Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

CHORUS Up 'em all, etc.

POOR BLIND NELL.

Tune:

The moon shone on the village green,
 It shone on poor blind Nell,
 And did it light up her blind eyos?
 It did, - like bloody Hell!

A sailor eame to that there town,
 From right aboard the lugger,
 And did he fuck our poor blind Nell?
 He did, - The rotten buggar.

He laid her on a public bench,
 The act was most unlawful,
 Tho things he did to poor blind Nell,
 Were something fucking awful.

He shagged her till his prick was sore,
 And balls as black as charcoal,
 And did he marry poor blind Nell?
 He did - Pig's Fucking Arsehole!

HEIGH-HO SAYS ROWLEY

Traditional Tune

A is for arsehole, all covered in shit,
 Heigh-Ho says Rowley,
 B is the bastard who revels in it,
 With a Roley, Poley, up 'em and stuff 'em,
 Heigh-Ho, says Anthony Rowley.
 C is for cunt, all slimy with piss,
 D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E is for eunuch with only one ball,
 F is for friar with no balls at all.

G is for gonnorrhoea, gout, and for gleat,
 H is for harlot who's always on heat.

I for injection for clap, pox, and itch,
 J is the jerk of the son of a bitch.

K is the knight who went to the war,
 L is the lousy old pox-ridden whore.

M is the maiden all tattered and torn,
 N is the noble who died with a horn.

O is the orifice cunningly concealed.
 P is the penis which stands ready peeled.

Q is the quaker who shat in his hat.
 R is the Rajah who bugged his cat.

S is the shit-can all full to the brim,
 T is the turd which is floating therein.

U is the usher who sat on a stool,
 V is the virgin who played with his tool.

W is the whore who thought fucking a farce,
 And XY and Z you can shove up your arse.
 With a roley-poley, up 'em and stuff 'em,
 Heigh-Ho, says Anthony Rowley.

THE V.A.I.

Tune: Hardships.

What has got a funnol bluc, Sampson posts, at least there's two,
 Karsik, you bastards, you don't know your V.A.I.
 Superstructure is dull grey! What's the name you have to say,
 Karsik, you bastards, you don't know your V.A.I.
 The BURWAH has a counter stern, or so it used to have,
 The CANONBAR has changed a bit, it has an outside lav,
 The JANSEN is ! ! What's that you said?
 A SWIMMING SUIT! God striko me dead!
 Karsik, you bastards, you don't know your V.A.I.

WIRRRAWAY SONG

Tune: Bless 'em All.

They say there's a Wirraway out on the line,
 Set for a cross country flight,
 Hydraulics leaking and missing its revs,
 Hoping to get there all right.

There's many a cylinder running a tomp
 Through having no oil in its wall,
 With good navigation and much concentration
 You'll got there and back, - Bless 'em all!

Chorus. Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all,
 From Darwin right up to Rabaul.
 Bless the instructors who taught us to fly,
 Bless the C.O. and the old C.F.I.
 So we're saying goodbye to them all,
 Let Wirras and Wagga recall,
 The scenes of emotion, when we got promotion,
 So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Oh, Wirraways don't worry me, Wirraways don't worry me,
 Oil blowing bastards with flaps in their wings,
 Bugged up sparkplugs and bugged up rings,
 For we're saying goodbye to them all,
 As back to their hangars they crawl,
 There'll be only elation and wild celebration
 When we say goodbye to them all. Chorus.

They say that the Japs have some very nice kites,
 Now we're no longer in doubt,
 So if a Zero gets on to your tail,
 This is just how to make out:-
 Be cheerful, be careful, be calm and sedate,
 And don't let your British blood boil,
 And don't hesitate, shove it right through the gate,
 And you'll blind the poor bastard with oil. Chorus.

Now officers don't worry me, Officer don't worry me,
 Tight fitting trousers with strings down the side,
 Bloody great pockets with nothing inside.
 And we're saying goodbye to them all,
 As back to their dugouts they crawl,
 You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
 So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all. Chorus.

Now MPs they don't worry me, MPs they don't worry me,
 As by the roadside they sit and they lark,
 You can tell by their hands they do no bloody work,
 And we're saying goodbye to them all,
 Their tickets, their armbands and crawl,
 They'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
 So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Now DIs they don't worry me, DIs they don't worry me,
 On the parade ground they strut and they shout,
 Fucking crude orders they know fuck all about,
 So we're saying goodbye to them all,
 As up the COs arse they crawl,
 They'll get no promotion this side of the ocean
 So cheer up my lads bless 'em all. Chorus.

THE MORESBY SONG

Tune: Dinkie Die

Now listen to me, here's a tale we can tell,
 Of a tropical cruise to the Moresby Hotel,
 In the land of the boongs where there's nothing to do,
 But the party was spoilt when the Japs came there too,
 Came there too, came there too,
 But the party was spoilt when the Japs came there too.

It was "Beat up the bastards" or else we were sunk,
 Cos the Japs have a mind like a second rate skunk,
 It was goodbye to us if Port Moresby should fall,
 It was goodbye to women and drinking and all
 'King and all, 'King and all,
 It was goodbye to women and drinking and all.

So we grabbed some P 40s and went to the fight,
 But soon found the Japs had a nice little kite.
 Its a bright shiny silver, and Zero by name,
 But it makes a good show when it comes down a-flame.
 Down a-flame, down a-flame,
 But it makes a good show when it comes down a-flame.

Now the bombs dropped round us as we joined in the fray,
 And we saw quite a lot of the Japs every day,
 But he soon turned for home when he found what it means
 To annoy a poor bastard who's fed on baked beans.
 Fed on beans, fed on beans,
 To annoy a poor bastard who's fed on baked beans.

Now the newspapers tell of our squadron's success,
 And Nippon has now many aeroplanes less,
 But the papers don't say how the hell it was done,
 Without our replacements at seven to one.
 Sev'n to one, Sev'n to one,
 Without our replacements at seven to one.

And then we went home for a beer and a rest,
 And we stood in the pubs where the drink was the best.
 But now we're back North just to pay off some debts,
 And to make bloody sure that the Rising Sun sets.
 That is sets, that it sets,
 Yes! To make bloody sure that the Rising Sun sets.

THE NURSEMAID'S LAMENT

Tune: Twinkle, Twinkle Little

/Star

Arsehole! Shit! Fuck! Piddle! Buggar! Damn!.
 Some bastard's stolen my bloody pram.
 I don't care a buggar,
 I'll go and get another.
 Arsehole! Shit! Fuck! Piddle! Buggar! Damn!
 Some bastard's stolen my bloody pram.

THE FOUR HARLOTS

Four harlots down in Mexico were sitting down to dine,
The topic of conversation was "Is your twot bigger than mine?"

Chorus. Oh tickle my arse, and buggar my tits,
And suck my slimy slue,
Rattle your nuts across my guts,
And join the poxy crew.

The first one said, "Its mine, for mine's as big as the sea,
Ships sail in, and ships sail out, and rigging and mast go free".

The second one said, "Its mine, for mine's as big as the air,
Birds fly in, and birds fly out, and never disturb a hair".

The third one siad, "Its mine, for mine's as big as the moon,
Men go up for New Year's Day, and don't come back till June".

The fourth one said, "Its mine, for mine's the biggest of all,
The rush of my monthly water is as big as Niagara Fall".

Chorus. Tickle my arse, etc.

THE MOUNTAINS OF CAIRNS

Tune: The Mountains of Mourne.

Oh Mary, this Melbourn'e's a wonderful place,
With Wincas and Groupers all over the place,
But the only staff officer Cairns ever greets
Is the one who complains of our dress in the streets.
Oh, there's tons of equipment in Melbourn'e, its true,
But its not for bastards like me or like you,
So stop your complainings, your're lucky to be,
Where the mountains of Cairns roll down to the sea.

Oh I went to the Barracks, and whom did I see,
But a blighter I knew, and a Winker was he.
His clothes were so splendid that I must confess,
I was really ashamed as we went to the mess.
There were medals and ribbons of every hue,
And nobody there was below a Flight-Lieu,
Such cushions and comforts as you'll never see,
Where the mountains of Cairns roll down to the sea.

I wandered through Melbourn'e, this beautiful place,
And saw such contentment on every face,
I listened at windows, I looked in each door,
Its certain that they never think of the war.
For evryone's prosperous, banking their gold,
They'll be all millionairxes when its seven year's old,
But still, for all that, dear, I'd much rather be,
Where the mountains of Cairns roll down to the sea.

HARDSHIPS YOU BASTARDS

Off to Milne Bay we did go, to meet those cows from Tokio.
 Hardships, you bastards, you don't know what hardships are!
 Four hundred miles of bloody drink, and how our underclothes did
 Hardships, you bastards, etc. /stink,
 Our dials and clocks were shaky and our engines running hot,
 But when we saw that friendly shore it looked a decent spot.
 But then to finish off the trip the drone was just a boggy strip.
 Hardships, you bastards, etc.

Finally we landed there, our attitude was debonair,
 Hardships, you bastards, etc.

We found the tee-ing up was nix, thanks to Squadron 76,
 Hardships, you bastards, etc.

We had to put up tents and flys and build dispersal bays,
 We ate camp pie and bully beef for days and bloody days.
 Our ground troops they had not arrived,
 The sea trip p'raps they'd not survived,
 Hardships, you bastards, etc.

The one day the Zeros came to show the boys how they could aim,
 Hardships, you bastards, etc.

They looped and stalled and spun around and burnt one kite upon
 Hardships, you bastards, etc. /the ground,

We had to fly at dawn each day, get up before the sun,
 In fact the whole damn show for us was not much bloody fun,
 Seventy Six at last got there, shot one poor bastard from the air,
 Hardships, you bastards, etc.

Mosquitos grabbed you by the hair and lifted you from out your
 Hardships, you bastards, etc. /chair.

Two foot six from wing to wing, and each one had a point five sting,
 Hardships, you bastards, etc.

They'd strafe and dive-bomb every bloke when they were on the go,
 Ignore your light and heavy flak, a really rotten show,
 The nets we used had no effect 'Gainst squadron, wing or mass
 Hardships, you bastards, etc. /attack,

HARDSHIPS FOR GENTELIEN

You just reach and press the bell, whenyou live in Hyde's Hotel,
 Hardships, etc.

The dishes on the menu are ranged from sweets to caviare,
 Hardships, etc.

They make you pay a special rate so you won't lose your dough,
 And when the 18 gallon's off they bring a doz. or so,
 But in the lap of luxury, in our own mess soon we'll be,
 Hardships, you bastards, you don't know what hardships are.

HARDSHIPS FOR BAR OFFICERS

I have to count the bloody cash while the raindrops round me
 Hardships, etc. /splash,

The mob crowd in around the bar, God knows where the tickets are,
 Hardships, etc.

Chocolate, cash and stores and beer and wings evry day,
 They're crying out for refunds now they know I cannot pay,
 The Barracks job at me they've chucked,
 Wet bed, no tea, By Christ I'm fucked,
 Hardships, you bastards, etc.

HARDSHIPS ON CATS

We fight the war from Hyde's Hotel, then take off for the jaws
/of hell,

Hardships you bastards, etc,
We fly for twenty hours or more, our beards grow long and our
Hardships, etc. /arseholes sore
The rotten bloody river is as narrow as a road,
The wind is right across it and the tide is always low,
We turn the Cat across the wind and hope to Christ we havn't/
Hardships, etc. sinned,

She sticks her nose up in the air and cracks her wingtip on a flare,
Hardships, etc.

The flare goes out, the bloody mark - you bore it up herin the /
Hardships, etc. dark,

You get the bastard on the step and try to hold it straight,
The bloody second pilot shoves the throttles through the gate,
The engineer forgets the floats - we swerve like hell to miss the/
Hardships, etc. boats,

She bounces twice and comes unstuck, so now we're flying, Hooray,/br/>Hardships, etc. Fuck!

A mountain looms up right in front, we swing away to miss the cunt,
Hardships, etc.

We keep the bastard turning till we're heading out to sea,
The navigator goes down aft to have a nervous pee,
The WAG relaxes in his chair, - his eyes still have that glassy/
Hardships, etc. stare,

We're on a raid across the foam, our thoughts are how to get back/
Hardships, etc. home,

The clouds come up, great towering cu, all we can do is bust/
Hardships, etc. right through,

The target looms up through the night, we make our bloody run,
The bastards let us have it with a six inch ack-ack gun,
The game is hard, it sure does stink, when all our bombs drop in/
Hardships, etc. the drink,

We turn her round and head for home, while overhead the Zeros roam,
Hardships, etc.

Now that we are in the clear we think of home and pots of beer,
Hardships, etc.

We're almost back, we've only got a hundred miles to go,
The engineer calls up and says the petrol's getting low,
We throttle back and start to pray, then Cairns looms up across /
Hardships, etc. the bay,

At last we get her down all right, after flying all the night,
Hardships, etc.

We fuck around and moor her up, then go ashore in a Chapman Pup,
Hardships, etc.

We go up to the I.O.'s room and spin a bloody tale,
Then to the mess we go to sink a fucking pint of ale,
Our ears are sore, our eyes are red, completely fucked we go to/
bed,
Hardships, you bastards, you don't know what hardships are!

ON THE SHORES OF MILNE BAY

Tune: By the Banks of the Nile.

On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where you sink in the mud to your chests,
Where you wan't sleep at night
For a hundred and one different pests.
I've been bit on the navel, the arms and the breasts,
I've been bit on the places the girls like the best,
On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the jungle grows down to the sea.

On the shores of Milne Bay
Fair dinkum! I've never felt worse,
I've had every complaint
From typhus to dying of thirst.
I don't see the M.O. for fear he will say,
Get on the Manunda, she's leaving today
From the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the jungle runs down to the sea.

On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the girls wear a string and grass skirts,
But you're not in the race,
Especially if they see you first.
So all wives and sweethearts will be glad to know,
It's not hard for airmen to keep self-control,
On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the jungle rolls down to the sea.

On the shores of Milne Bay,
For six months we've never seen beer,
But we all brew our own,
One charge- and you'll stand on your ear.
This jungle juice acts like a time bomb they say,
You drink it at night and explode the next day,
On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the jungle grows down to the sea.

" IT "

Attributed to A. P. Herbert.

The Professor

The portion of a woman that appeals to man's depravity,
Is fashioned with inestimable care,
And what appears to some to be a simple little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.

And doctors who have troubled to study the phenomena,
In numbers of experimental dames,
Have made a list of many things in feminine abdomina,
And given them delightful Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina, and the jolly peroneum,
And the hymen, that's not found in many brides,
And lots of other gadgets you would like if you could see 'em,
The clitoris, and Christ knows what besides.

And so it seems a pity, when we common people chatter,
Of these mysteries to which I have referred,
We should give to such a delicate and complicated matter,
Such a very short and unattractive word.

The Laymen

The erudite professors who study the geography,
Of that obscure but interesting land,
Are enabled to indulge a test for intimate topography,
And view the scenic details close at hand.

But ordinary mortals, though aware of the existence
Of complexities beneath the public knoll,
Are normally content to survey them at a distance,
And treat them, roughly speaking, as a whole.

So when we try to probe the secrets of virginity,
We exercise a simple sense of touch,
We do not cloud the issue with meticulous Latinity,
We call the whole affair a "such and such".

For men have made this useful but inelegant commodity,
The subject of innumerable jibes,
And though the name they call it by is not without its oddity,
It seems to fit the object it describes.

The Expert

Despite the controversy twixt the layman and professor,
A woman's view will still remain the same,
And from those who strive to be the current Don Juan's successor,
The technically skilled will win the game.

The vulva and vagina small importance will retain,
If one treats it, roughly speaking, as a whole;
But the expert really slays 'em when he plays a sweet refrain
On complexities beneath the public knoll.

So when we try to probe the secrets of virginity,
We need a trained musician's sense of touch,
We must combine a basic knowledge of intimate topography
With the layman's rather neolithic clutch.

The Portions of a Woman (continued)The Woman's Reply

You highly skilled anatomists are really rather comical,
 Despite your pseudo-scientific facts,
 For all your little arguments on matters anatomical,
 Have very little bearing on your acts.

You may agree to differ, and make learned dissertations,
 On the relative importance of a name;
 But women know that when it comes to intimate relations,
 Your reactions are essentially the same.

And furthermore, when you describe in phrases so meticulous,
 A comparatively simple little vent,
 You take no account of all the terms so rude and so ridiculous
 Which designate the gadgets of a gent.

Perhaps it is because you find your emblems of virility
 So very inconvenient to hide,
 That jealousy induces you to scoff at our ability
 To tuck our privacies away inside.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
 Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,
 When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing,
 Wasn't that a funny dish to set before a king?

The King was in his counting house,
 Counting out his pelf;
 The Queen was in the parlour
 Fingering herself;
 The maid was in the pantry
 Trying to tell the groom
 That the vagina, not the rectum,
 Was the entrance to her womb.

LAST NIGHT, I PULLA DA PUD

Tune: Funiculi, Funicula.

Last night, I pulla da pud, She do me good, I knew she would!
 I don't believe my eyes, She such a size, That when she rise.
 First, I do da long stroke,
 I usa da hand, that make her stand;
 Then I try da short stroke,
 It foel so grand, I tickle da gland.
 Bash it! Crack it! Smack it on da floor!
 Bite it! Smite it! Push it through da door,
 Now some go in for buggary and find a rectum pretty good,
 But for absolute enjoymont, Why! I always pulla da pud.

WHAT AN AIRMAN DREAMS ABOUT

A little maiden passing by,
A little winking of the eye,
A little smile, a little date,
To meet you when the hour is late.
A little promise not to tell,
A little room in some hotel,
A little fussing in a chair,
A little mussing of the hair.
A little drink, a ~~last~~ caress,
A little question answered, "Yes".
A little shirt waist laid aside,
A little breast that tries to hide.
A little hand that went to stealing,
A little pleased and funny feeling,
A little coax, a little teasing,
A little form that was most pleasing.
A pair of panties mostly lace,
A little blush upon the face,
A little shading of the light,
A little bed with sheets so white.
A little loving in the gloom,
A little sigh in quiet room,
A pair of lips so warm and wet,
A little whisper, "Please, not yet!"
A little pillow from the head,
Slipped beneath the hips instead.
A little effort to begin,
A little help to get it in.
Two little arms that grip me tight,
A question, "Does it feel alright?"
A little sigh, "It feels so good",
And I reply, "I thought it would".
Two little legs around me twine,
Two happy eyes look into mine,
A little movement to and fro,
A little "Ah!" a little "Oh!"
A little surge of something hot,
A whisper, "Give me all you've got".
Two little hearts that beat as one
Two little lovers having fun!

THE BUMBLE BEE

"Sambo was a lazy coon"

Sambo was a lazy coon,
 He'd go to sleep all afternoon.
 Lazy was he! Lazy was he!
 Often to the woods he'd creep,
 Just to have a quiet sleep,
 Under a tree,
 When along came a bee, singing this song,
 "Buzz, Buzz, Buzz, Buzz."
 Go away you bumble bee,
 I ain't no rose,
 I ain't no prairie flower, get off my fuckin' nose.
 Get off my sexual organ, you can't stay there,
 But if you want some fun, you can try my bum,
 But you won't find honey there.

THAT'S WHAT THEY TAUGHT ME WHEN I WNET TO SCHOOL

With my hand on myself, what have I here?
 This is my Ticky-box, My Mother Dear,
 This is my Ticky-box, Nicky,-Nacky- Noo,
 That's what they taught me when I went to school.

With my hand on myself, what have I here?
 This is my Eye-blinker, My Mother Dear,
 Eye-blinker, Ticky-Box, Nicky-Nacky-Noo,
 That's what they taught me when I wnet to school.

With my hand on myself, what have I here?
 This is my Snot-catcher, My Nother Dear,
 Snot-catcher, Eye-blinker, Ticky-box, Nicky-Nacky-Noo,
 That's what they taught me when I went to school.

Bull-shiter

Chin-wiper

Milk-sucker

Umbelica

Kidney-wiper

Left-testicle

Etc

That's what they taught me when I wnet to school.

SPOT
"SPOT" OR "A FARMER'S DOG"

A farmer's dog once came to town, his christian name was "Spot",
 He had a noble pedigree, it was "Penis" out of "Twot";
 And as he trotted down the street it was wonderful to see
 Him piss against each lamp-post, and piss against each tree.

He pissed against each gateway, he pissed against each post,
 For pissing was his speciality, and pissing was his boast.
 The city curs looked on amazed with growing jealous rage,
 To see a simple country dog, the pisser of the age.

Some thought that he a king might be, of legend long forgot,
 Whose arsehole shone like molten gold, and smelled like bergamot.
 Then each one sniffed him critically, they smelt him two by two,
 But the farmer's dog, with high disdain, stood still till they /
 were through.

Then just to show his mettle that he didn't care a damn,
 He trotted to a grocer's shop and pissed upon a ham.

He pissed against the grocer's leg, he pissed upon the floor,
 Till the grocer with a bullseye kick sent him pissing out the door.

The other dogs from round the town lined up with instincts true,
 To start a pissing carnival to piss the stranger through,
 They showed him every pissing place they had around the town,
 And started in with many a wink to piss the stranger down.

They sent for champion pissers, in training and condition,
 Who sometimes did a pissing stunt, or pissed for exhibition,
 They sprang them on him suddenly one mid-day in the town,
 But Spot sedately polished off the ablest white and brown.

And Spot was with them every time with vigour and with vim,
 A hundred pisses more or less were all the same to him,
 And Spot was pissing merrily with hind leg hoisted high,
 When most were hoisted just for bluff and pissing mighty dry.

Then Spot sought out new pissing grounds midst piles of scrag until
 The boldest pisser of them all was pissed to a dead standstill.
 Then followed freehand pissing, with fancy flirts and flings,
 Such as double-drop, and gimlet-twist, and suchlike graceful things.

But never a wink gave the farmer's dog, nor whine, nor bark, nor
 He pissed his journey out of town the same as he'd pissed in, grin,
 The city curs, in Latin phrase, lost all their "Conce itus",
 And never guessed, until this day, that Spot had diabetes.

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The sexual life of a camel is stranger than anyone thinks,
 In the days of Queen Cleopatra he tried to buggar the Sphinx,
 But the Sphinx's posterior passage was clogged by the sands of
 the Nile,
 Which accounts for the hump of the camel, and the Sphinx's
 inscrutable smile.

THE SHORES OF OLD MILNE BAY

Tune: The Marine's Hymn

There was once a gang of Japanese,
Who hailed from Tokio way,
They'd been told of Scuth expansion,
A new Empire, come what may.
Had not Heav'n assured their Emperor
That o'er the Scuth he would hold sway,
But their cherished hoped were blasted
On the shores of old Milne Bay.

Chorus. And we planted 'em, the bastards,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay.

There was once a bunch of Aussies
Who were posted to old Milne Bay.
They were tough and tall and ugly,
Resourceful, bright and gay.
So they took off in their fighters,
And they shot Nips down that day,
And we planted 'em, the bastards
On the shores of old Milne Bay.

Chorus. And we planted 'em, the bastards, etc.

There arose some mighty heroes
On the shores of old Milne Bay.
Dip the lid to blokes like Truscott
And shout Hip-Hooray!
For he got right in among them,
With Turnbull too, they say,
And we planted Nips by thousands,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay.

Chorus. And we planted 'em, the bastards, etc.

Yes, we licked the yellow bastards
On the shores of Old Milne Bay.
Let 'em come then in their thousands,
And we'll stuff 'em any day.
Oh, we bombed and strafed and sunk 'em,
And we mowed 'em down like hay,
And we planted 'em, the bastards,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay.

Chorus. And we planted 'em, the bastards,
On the shores of old Milne Bay.

THOSE FOUR LETTER WORDS

Banish the use of those four letter words,
 Whose meaning is never obscure;
 The Angles and Saxons, those bawdy old birds
 Were vulgar, obscene and impure.
 But cherish the use of the wheedlin phrase
 That never quite says what it means,
 You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways,
 Than as vulgar, impure and obscene.

When nature is calling, plain speaking is cut,
 Whenever the ladies are milling about.

Your may "Wee-Wee", "Make Water", or "Empty the Glass",
 You may "Powder your Nose", "Spend a Penny" will pass.
 You may "Shake off the Lily", "See a Man about a Dog",
 Or when you're quite souzed its "Condensing a Fog".
 But friend, please remember, if you would know bliss,
 That only in Shakespeare do characters "Piss".

A woman has bosoms, a bust or a breast,
 Those lily-white swellings that bulge 'neath her vest,
 They are "Towers of Ivory" or "Sheaves of New Wheat",
 In a moment of passion, "Ripe Apples to Eat".
 You may speak of her nipples as "Towers of Fire",
 With hardly a question of raising her ire,
 But by Rabelais' beard, she'll throw several fits,
 If you speak of them roundly as "Good Honest Tits".

Its a cavern of joy we are speaking of now,
 A "Warm tender field awaiting the plough".
 Its a quivering pigeon, caressing your hand,
 Like the National Anthem, it makes us all stand.
 Or perhaps its a "Flower, a velvety bell",
 Which responds to your touch as it rings a soft knell,
 But friend, heed this warning, beware the affront,
 Of aping the Saxon, Don't call it a "Cunt".

Though the lady repels your advance, she'll be kind,
 As long as you intimate what's on your mind.
 You may tell her you're "Hungry", you may "Need to be swung",
 You may ask her to see how your etchings are hung.
 You may mention the "Ashes that need to be hauled",
 "Put the lid on the saucepan", even "Lay's" not too bald,
 But the moment you're forthright be ready to duck,
 For the girl isn't born who will stand for "Let's Fuck".

So banish the words that Elizabeth used,
 When she was the queen on the throne.
 The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised
 By the four letter word all alone.
 Let your morals be loose as an alderman's vest,
 If your language is always obscure,
 Today, not the act, but the word is the test
 Of the vulgar, obscene and impure

ODE TO THE BLITZKrieg

Its ten o'clock, the sirens sound, all the family goes to ground,
 Down the garden helter skelter, dive into the bloody shelter.
 Chairs and gas masks follow suit, Father rolls in minus boot,
 Shouting out the old refrain, "The rotten bastard's here again!"

Says the whole damn thing's a farce, Ma says, "You can kiss my arse".
 Settle like sardines in bed, Father bumps his bloody head.
 Daughter dons her siren suit, Pa can't find his other boot,
 Thinks he left it under bed, pulls the piss-pot out instead.

Can't find matches anywhere, Father says another prayer,
 Places bottle in the rear, Ma Says, "Don't forget the beer".
 Hostile aircraft overhead, Father's snores would wake the dead,
 Someone treads upon his foot, "Where the hell's that bloody boot!"

Dozes off, uneasy sleep, overhead the searchlights creep,
 Then nearby a big bomb falls, Pa wakes up and mutters "Balls!"
 Sounds just like the crack of doom, Willie wants to leave the room,
 Starts to cry, and he won't chuck it, Mother runs to fetch the bucket.

Silence greets the midnight hour, night as dark as Satan's bower,
 Father farts, a real beaut helter, nearly wrecks the bloody shelter.
 Encores with another ripper, Mother hits him with a slipper,
 Willie thinks its just a game, tries his best to do the same.

Father curses, raves and rants, Little Willie craps his pants,
 Feeling that's beyond a joke, Pa decides to have a smoke.
 Odour somewhat over-ripe, "Where the hell's my bloody pipe?"
 Searches shelter, what a task, then puts on his bleeding mask.

Storms and swears in muffled tones,
 Horrible are Willie's groans.
 Siren's sounding the "All-clear", Pa goes off and takes his beer,
 How peaceful is our pleasant land, Jerrie's gone, now, ain't life
 grand.

.....

THE WINKER AND THE W.A.A.A.F.

The Winker and the WAAAF went strolling, I declare,
 Down by the river, and they didn't see me there.
 The Winker, he was bashful, the WAAAF, she was shy,
 He asked if he could do it, and this was her reply.

You can do it if you like
 But you've got to do it right,
 You didn't ought to do it like you did the other night,
 'Cos if you do, I won't be true,
 I'll never let you do it again, (I mean the laundry)
 I'll never let you do it again.

.....

THE T.M.O. LAMFNT

Tune: The Bells of Hell Go Ting-a-ling.

The Doug's go farting through the air, for you but not for me,
We sit all day at T.M.O. with buggar all to see,
We're drowned in dust and mucked about, and pushed from plane to plane,
Oh buggar T.M.O., Oh buggar T.M.O., Oh buggar T.M.O. again,
Yes, buggar TMO, Yes, buggar TMO, Yes, buggar TM' again.

The Doug's they come, the Doug's they go, and fighters by the score,
Big bombers pass to paste the Jap until his arse is sore.
But not the Jap's alone are sore, strip-sitting makes ours worse,
So buggar TMO, So buggar TMO, So buggar TMO and curse,
Yes, buggar TMO, etc.

It looks as if we'll be troppo before the day is out,
We've got our movement orders fixed, but still we sit it out,
We've been an adjutant, but shiny bums have we,
Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO, Oh TMO to buggary,
Oh buggar TMO, etc.

We're parched with thirst and full of grit from navel to the hair,
We do not even go to shit in case our Doug is there.
We squat and squirm and shift about and rock from cheek to cheek,
Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO all week.

Our eyes they slowly start to glaze, our lids are choked with dirt,
Our limbs are stiff, our bladders dry, we cannot raise a squirt,
Our skin it cracks, our blood congeals, we slowly rot away,
Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO all day.

The corporal's sick to death of us, we're sick to death of him,
We're sick to death of everything, the outlook's bloody grim.
{ "A war is on" we're often told, but its buggar all to us,
Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO, and cuss.

We've had this bloody stand around, we've had this bloody war,
We're told we'll soon be home for good, but we've heard that before,
The bullshit's flying thick and fast and still we sit around,
Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO all round.

And so when Tojo's dead and gone, and trippers roam these isles,
They'll find a derelict boong hut with bones around in piles,
And scratched upon the sand they'll see, and read it with a sigh,
Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO, WE DIE!
Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO, Oh buggar TMO, WE DIE!

.....

SIX SQUADRON AT MILNE BAY

Tune: The Martins and the Coys.

This is the story of a squadron
 That went to serve their country at Milne Bay,
 Of how they braved the bloody Zeroes,
 But the men they called the heroes,
 Were the men who served the WAAAF's at N.E.A.
 Where they drink their morning tea and draw their pay,
 For they think there's nothing finer,
 Than a Service type vagina,
 And you won't find any Dinah, At Milne Bay.

Just a herring-gutten strip in the jungle,
 Where the clouds around the coconuts do stay,
 Jap commandoes dressed in green,
 Used to lurk in the latrine,
 And we buried them in beans every day.
 For a little solid excrement we'd pray.
 You can fight against temptation,
 But you can't beat gravitation,
 And there ain't no constipation, At Milne Bay.

We were put on a job the next morning,
 And the future was looking far from bright,
 'Twas too wet for navigation,
 And we got lost in formation,
 And a cruiser came and shelled us in the night.
 And we all looked a bloody awful sight.
 For you quickly lose your keenness,
 When there's hockworms in your penis,
 And your arsehole isn't properly watertight.

And then we went out to shadow cruisers,
 With our skyhooks working at full bore,
 Oh, we did great deeds of daring,
 But we got no gong from Garing,
 So he sent us out next day to look for more.
 We made landfall on Woodlark's lonely shore,
 100 Squadron, led by Balmer,
 Waited till the sky was calmer,
 And Air Board now is looking for our gore.

Now take our adventures as a warning,
 Don't let this happen to you,
 Just control your fighting blood son,
 You only fly a Hudson,
 And never go cavorting in the air.
 For if you do you'll end up quite SNAFU,
 Turn back well before the gloaming,
 And just concentrate on homing,
 And remember that your "George" will see you through,
 And if a motor seizes
 Trust in "George" and not in Jesus,
 And you'll live to sign another A.I.U.

THE KIT-KAT STYLE

Tune: Elmer's Tune

What is this feeling revealing contentment complete,
 What makes our leisure a pleasure whenever we meet,
 Let Mr Bacchus attack us with alcohol neat,
 Its the KIT-KAT Style.

What is this purring recurring and filling the air,
 The seventy fivers survivors are out on the tear,
 Each Cat and Kitten is smitten, but what do we care,
 Its the KIT-KAT Style.

Oh listen, listen, what a lot the other crowds are missing,
 Sing it, swing it, lap it up like milk and make your tonsils like silk,
 You know the night time's the right time, Cats see in the dark,
 Let's sing a "V" song, a glee song, old Tojo to nark,
 For that's the KIT-KAT Style.

In brilliant fettle is Bethal, without him we're sunk,
 We're like a twig that's been frigged and just lopped off the trunk,
 For that's the KIT-KAT Style.

Doc's Bake and Deakin, while I'm speakin',
 A partnership with Dan Magrew are seekin',
 I surmise it, they'll advertise it,
 "Break your leg in the sky, we'll set it up while you fly!"
 And old Lex Winton is tintin' from evening to dawn,
 His black moustaches, with splashes, he's posted, forlorn,
 So test your muscle, and tussle, with John Barleycorn,
 For that's the KIT-KAT Style.

IT'S HAD IT

Tune: Asleep in the Deep.

Breasting each wave with no thought of Dave
 The enemy ~~convoy~~ sails,
 Sneaking along with a murderous throng
 Probably out of jails,
 While ever nearer the Cat boys stray,
 The "Lordy Box" giving the show away,
 The convoy's near, so give a cheer,
 This is the start of a JAPPY NEW YEAR

Chorus.

Here come's young Davey, intent on a blitz,
 While in the transports they're getting the shits,
 Nippon beware! George is up there!
 Danger is near thee! Beware! Beware! Beware! Take care!
 Honorable Japs have a touch of the craps, So Beware! Beware!
 Drown in your bath, here's your epitaph,
 "ITS HAD IT! YOU SHIT!"

WALTER LEE

I know they say I'm awfully hot and indulge myself an awful lot,
I'd rather be like this than not, - Now that I know Walter.

On my first walk with Walter Lee, Before he'd been an hour with me,
He put his hand upon my knee , - a forward boy is Walter.

He soon got to my "you know what", and touched it on a certain spot,
I felt so randy, who would not, with a saucy boy like Walter.

He said, "Oh, what a little pet", I felt myself come awfully wet,
And wanted pushing you can bet, - I wanted it from Walter.

He took it put, Oh what a size, It grew and swelled before my eyes ,
And then it got between my thighs, - a pushing boy is Walter.

And when he got it right in me, the times I came exceeded three,
I love a push, and so does he, - a good old sport is Walter!

Next night he took me in a boat, we had a lovely push afloat,
I really thought he'd reach my throat, - a lanky boy is Walter.

And then he pushed me five times more, until my pussy was quite sore,
But still I cried and cried for more, - I'm greedy when with Walter.

Next night we walked about a mile, kissing, squeezing all the while,
And then he did me on a stile, - so versatile is Walter.

And often by some hedge or fence, he gave to me its eminence,
He did it right in every sense, - a successful boy is Walter.

Once on a common in the scrub, he tickled, squeezed and sucked my bubs,
Then brought it on in three short rubs, - a rapid boy is Walter.

And then he pushed me from behind, - you try it girls, I'm sure you'll
You get a most delightful grind, - I always do from Walter. /find

Then we played another game, He sucked my bubs until I came,
Girls! Get your boys to do the same, Oh, such soft lips has Walter.

Once in a nice deserted field, he licked my bubs until I squealed,
I must confess I then did yield, to feeling, stealing, Walter.

In sweet embrace and tightly locked, we to and fro in passion rocked,
What silly girl would not be blocked by sliding,gliding Walter.

Now all you girls, sweet and sedate, Enjoy yourselves, its not too
/late,
And have a grind, its simply great, - and if you doubt, ask Walter.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Thanks for the memory
Of chlorinated tea, meals of M & V,
The great variety of wogs peculiar to N.G.
How lovely it was!

Thanks for the memory
Of pictures in the rain, softening of the brain,
The never ending struggle to remain completely sane,
How lovely it was!

Many's the time that I've sweated
When I heard the sound of a Zero,
Guess I'm not built for a hero,
It wasn't fun, but did I run!

Thanks for the memory,
That fascinating tale of the date we were to sail,
The aggravating mystery of late arriving mail,
How lovely it was!

Thanks for the memory
Of goldfish from the tin, diseases of the skin,
Complexion pastel yellow from the bloody atebrin,
How lovely it was.

Seldom the times we feasted,
But often the times we fasted
'Twas then we called everyone bastards,
But we lived on, a few pounds gone.

Thanks for the memory,
Of wet and smelly duds, of dehydrated spuds,
The horrors of the jungle juice that tasted like old spuds,
How lovely it was!

Thanks for the memory,
Developing a hate of living celibate,
And those persistent day-dreams of a lovely long-haired mate,
How lovely it was!

Awfully glad I caught the draft,
Next time I might be late,
And thank you so much!

.....

THE TRIP TO HEAVEN

She was a village maiden with red and rosy cheeks,
 She went to church and Sunday School and prayed in accents meek,
 He was the Reverend minister who loved to watch her face,
 So full of true devotion, so beautiful with grace.

And as he sauntered home with her when service it was o'er,
 He often spoke of Heaven and of that Golden Shore.
 Up spoke the village maiden, "Oh Father Dear", she cried she,
 "The world I'd give, if I but once, that Golden Shore could see!"

"Then come into my parlour when the lights are burning low,
 "And we will say a prayer or two, and heavenward we will go."
 She entered by the Vicarage gate, right on the stroke of nine,
 "Good evening", said the Minister, "I see you are on time".

"Before we take this journey, we must ourselves prepare,
 "For you know, my little darling, they wear no garments there."
 The maiden blushed a little, then threw her clothes aside,
 For she knew she had nought to fear while by the Vicar's side.

"Oh tell me, Reverend Father, what is that great big thing,
 "That's hanging there between your legs, so long, so smooth, so thin."
 "That is the key to Heaven, - between your legs the lock,
 "It has the works and motion, just like an eight day clock."

Six times they went to Heaven before that night was o'er,
 And every time he tried to stop, she clearly asked for more.
 And early in the morning, he hid his head in shame,
 "My God! What a calamity I've brought upon your name."

"You damned old fool, you're thick as mud, and very soon you'll see
 "You've gone and got yourself a dose your son John gave to me.
 "And let this be a warning, you silly damned old fool,
 "That they are not all virgins who attend your Sunday School."

"And now, my poor old parson, that you have had your fun,
 "You'll find that you have got a dose through John, your loving son,
 "And when your prick's in bandages, go to your wife and tell,
 "That you took a trip to Heaven, and ended up in Hell."

WHANG-PU BLUES

From H.M.A.S. "Whang-Pu

Now that I am far away, my pilot light is out,
 What used to be my sex appeal is now my waterspout.
 I used to be embarrassed to make the thing behave,
 For every single morning it would stand to watch me shave.
 Now that I am far away, it does give me the blues,
 To have the thing just hang its head and watch me shine my shoes.

KAFFIR PURSES

A friend of mine went hunting out in Africa,
 Seeking the lion and giraffe,
 And left his wife to languish home in England
 For a period of some two years and a half.

At last, grown tired of equatorial wanderings,
 He went to seek his lady, sad and lone,
 Forgetting that he carried in his suitcase
 Some things no married man should ever own.

Of course he said he never had to use them,
 They were simply a precaution that he took,
 And his wife just happened to discover them
While looking through his baggage for a book.
 She asked him what the dinky little things were,
 And you really couldn't blame him if he lied,
 He told her they were "Little Kaffir Purses",
And she took them all, completely satisfied.
 She took them then and hid them in a cupboard
 And foolishly he didn't seek them out,
 And then he went away to hunt in Iceland
 For a period of a week, or thereabout.

Then the Vicar sent an urgent message to him,
 "Come back before the matter goes too far.
 "Your wife today insisted upon selling,
 "Kaffir Purses at our local Church bazaar".

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time,
 In the vilest way that you know.
 Ruthlessly ravish me, Lusciously lavish me,
 On me no mercy bestow.
 To gentle handling I'm cold and oblivious,
 I like a man who is lewd and lascivious;
 So violate me in the violet time
 In the vilest way that you know.

THE DARKIES SUNDAY SCHOOL

Old folks, young folks, everybody come
 To the Darkies Sunday School and make yourselves at home.
 Bring your stick of chewing gum and sit upon the floor,
 And I'll tell you Bible Stories that you've never heard before.

Now Moses was the leader of the Israelites, they say,
 He led them through the desert, they got thirsty on the way,
 So with a magic wand he struck the rock and looked quite queer
 When out, instead of water, came Foster's Lager Beer.

Chorus.

Jonah was a traveller, at least so runs the tale,
 He booked an outward passage on a Trans-Atlantic whale.
 But soon the fishy atmosphere got heavy on his chest,
 So Jonah pressed the button, and the whale did the rest.

Chorus.

Pharaoh's lovely daughter was bathing in the Nile,
 She went into the rushes where she found a lovely child,
 She took it to the Palace, said she'd found it on the shore,
 But Pharaoh winked his eye and said, "I've heard that one before".

Chorus.

Samson was a mighty man, the Philistines he slew,
 He slew them in their thousands with the Arse-bone of a Jew,
 But Samson had a weak spot, 'twas weakness for his oats,
 A Philistine woman named Delilah got his goat.

Chorus.

Daniel was a brave man, he went in the lion's den,
 Not caring a damn if they ate him, or how, or where, or when.
 This went on day by bloody day, until this came to pass,
 A great big bounding lion came and bit him on the arse.

Chorus.

Solomon and David, they led such wicked lives
 They spent their time in mucking round with other people's wives.
 At last their conscience pricked them and gave them nasty qualms,
 So Solomon wrote the proverbs, and David wrote the Psalms.

Chorus.

Joseph was a sporty boy, a real young Lochinvar,
 He had some purple moments with the wife of Potiphar.
 She made the going pretty hot, she was a dinkum flirt,
 So Joseph up and left her in his underpants and shirt.

Chorus.

Chorus: Old folk, young folk, everybody come, etc.

PRURITIS NANNY

This is the story of little Nanny,
 Who suffered from Pruritis Ani,
 The teacher noticed first at school
 That Nanny wriggled on her stool.

She kept youg Nan in after class
 And made her show her itching arse.
 "Those blisters on your proctode eum,
 "You'd better let a Doctor see 'em."

But Nan had had this idle talk
 And got to work with a dinner fork.
 It didn't work, and five days later,
 Her mother missed the nutmeg grater.

They couldn't find the little kitten,
 The corkscrew or the steel wool mitten,
 The scrubbing brush, the saucepan scraper,
 The beater or the emery paper.

And so she worked right through the kitchen
 To try and stop the awful itch'in'.
 At last she used pure caustic soda,
 But that did notjng but corrode her.

The rooting process had begun,
 Her sphincters sloughed off one by one,
 And though new worries now beset her,
 They say that, on the whole, she's better.

.....

GRACE

Her name was Grace, she was one of the best,
 And that was the night I had her to test.
 I looked at her with joy and delight,
 For she was mine for all that night.

She looked so pretty, so sweet, so slim,
 The night was dark, the light was dim.
 I was so excited my heart missed a beat
 For I knew that I was in for a treat.

I had seen her stripped, I had seen her bare,
 I had felt her over everywhere;
 But that was the night I liked her best,
 And if you'll wait, I'll tell you the rest.

I got inside her, she screamed with joy,
 For that was her first night out with a boy.
 I got up high as quick as I could,
 I handled her swell, she was Oh, so good!

I turned her over on her side,
 Then on her back, Oh, how I tried.
 It was a thrill, she's the best in the land,
 That twin-engined bomber of Coastal Command.

.....

THE SHIT SHOVELLER

Every fucking mornning at half past fucking eight,
 We meet the factory foreman at the fucking factory gate.
 He says, "You know, you bastards, you're always fucking late,
 "You'll be shovelling in the sewer all the morning."

Chorus: Down in the sewer, shovelling up manure,
 Down in the sewer, shovelling up the shit.
 Hear the shovels clang as they go Bang! Bang!
 Its the shit shovellers shovelling up the shit, the
 shit, the shit,
 Its the shit shovellers shovelling up the shit.

CRAVEN A.

Tune: Steamboat Bill

Now gather round you fellows, and if you'll be still,
 I'll tell you of a bastard born at Bellevue Hill.
 Born at Bellevue Hill but raised in Camberwell,
 And the first three words he spoke were "Bloody Fucking Hell!"

Chorus. Craven A, never heard of fornication,
 Craven A, never had wet dreams,
 Craven A, quite content with masturbation,
 Fooling with his foreskin in the school latrines.

When he went to Geelong Grammar there was much ado,
 He buggared all the prefects and all the masters too.
 He was rusticated, so the records say,
 For tossing off the Duke of York on Founders' Day.

His arrival at the Varsity was quite grotesque,
 He went and laid his penis on his tutor's desk,
 Said his tutor, "If it lies there in its present state,
 "Let me know so I can use it as a paper weight."

Said his tutor, "There is one thing that I must impress,
 "You must never masturbate in academic dress."
 But Craven, just to show he didn't care a fuck,
 Tossed off into the inkwell crying, "One for luck!"

Now Milly, his landlady's daughter, small and wee,
 Brought up her cunt each morning with his cup of tea.
 She'd been up the stick so often that the Courts declare
 Her vagina constitutes a legal thoroughfare.

Now Susie was a prostitute from Melbourne town,
 She gamarouched a Proctor in his cap and gown.
 The Proctor wrote to Craven saying, "Pack your things,
 "The shooting season opens on the twelfth at King's."

When Craven joined the Air Force he was much admired,
 Although he pulled his stick each night he never tired.
 They took up a collection for this famous bloke,
 Who'd deftly change his hand and never lose a stroke.

BUGGARED

For forty odd years I've been bugged
With all sorts of horrible pains,
I've had every ailment, I reckon,
From rupture to varicose veins.
Neuritis with me is a hobby,
I've bunions and corns on my feet,
I seem to breed stones in my bladder
Like bloody big lumps of concrete.
I've spent a small fortune on chemists,
And been months in hospital beds,
And the stuff I have taken to shift things
Has torn my poor anus to shreds.
I've a sciatic nerve that's a torture,
I'm told I've a valvular heart,
I strain like a bloody great carthorse
Before I can squeeze out a fart.
Rheumatic gout in my fingers
Has made them all ~~sizes~~ and ~~shapes~~,
And the piles I have on my rectum
Hang down like big bunches of grapes.
My digestion at times is quite putrid,
If I have a square meal I feel sick,
And I get a most unpleasant feeling
Like rats knawing holes in my prick.
Uric acid, they say, is the trouble,
And I don't mind telling you this,
I've to whistle the "Last Rose of Summer"
To coax the old doodle to piss.
And as for a first class erection,
The idea is simply absurd,
For my tool's like an undersized maggot,
And as soft as a night-commode turd.
Despite the advice that I'm taking
There isn't a day I feel fit,
I must swallow an ounce of gunpowder
Before I can bloody well shit.
My time is all spent in the shithouse
Or moaning and groaning in bed,
And my pals simply murmer in passing
"It's time the poor bastard was dead!"

OVER THE HILL

Man is not old when his hair turns grey,
 Man is not old when his teeth decay,
 But man is approaching his last long sleep.
 When his mind makes dates that his body can't keep.

It's not the grey hairs that make a man old,
 Or the far-away stare in his eyes, so I'm told,
 When the mind makes a contract the body can't fill,
 You're over the hill brother, over the hill.

You may fool your young wife with the cleverest of lies,
 You can shear a young lamb, pull wool over its eyes,
 But if she wants an encore, and you say you are ill,
 You're over the hill, brother, over the hill.

When you gaze upon Venus and just heave a sigh,
 When you hear a good joke and laugh fit to die,
 When its all in your head and you've lost all the thrill,
 Then you're over the hill, brother, over the hill.

Life is a conflict, the battle is keen,
 There are not many shots in the old magazine,
 When you've fired the last shell and you just can't refill,
 You're over the hill, brother, over the hill.

Salvage the engine, old boy, if you can,
 For Lydia Pinkman just can't help a man,
 You can't make a man from a little pink pill,
 If you're over the hill, brother, over the hill.

Yes; This is my counsel, alas and alack!
 When you've squeezed out the toothpaste you can't put it back,
 So if you make whoopee, then don't wait until
 You're over the hill, brother, over the hill.

IF (Apologies to Kipling

If you can keep your wife when all around you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
 And keep the faith of wives when all men doubt you,
 And there's damn good reason for them doubting too;
 If you can meet a girl and take her virtue
 Before you've even time to learn her name,
 And say to virgins, "This is going to hurt you"
 And yet go on and do it just the same;
 If you don't hesitate when she says, "Maybe",
 But lead her on with every sort of lie,
 And when she says she's going to have a baby
 Just quickly lift your hat and say, "Goodbye";
 If you can meet a new girl every minute,
 And not be faithful to a single one,
 Yours is the earth, and every woman in it,
 And what is more, you'll be a cad, my son.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY

Now you've heard of the men of the Navy,
 With guns up to eighteen inch bore,
 They may look quite alright on their cruisers,
 But they're no bloody good on the shore.

Chorus. Singing Toora-li-oora-li-addy,
 Singing toora-li-oora-li-ay,
 For we are Royal Artillery
 And they pay us a dollar a day.

Now you've heard of the girls in the Services,
 The WAAAF's and the WRANS and the rest,
 They may look quite alright in their uniforms,
 But they're no bloody good on the nest.

Now you've heard of the men of the Air Force,
 The boys that parade in dark blue,
 They can take all their bloody great aircraft
 And belt the things right up the flue.

Now you've heard of the Cameron Highlanders,
 They say they are very well built,
 They always parade with two bayonets,
 One over, one under, the kilt.

Now you've heard of the men of the infantry,
 They may have the guts and the grit,
 But they can't do without the artillery,
 For they always end up in the shit.

Once two lovers met - they met in Picadilly,
 One was Poxy Flo - the other Syphillis Willy.

With his Toora Loora Laddie and his Toora Loora Lay.

Bill said unto Flo, "Its very nasty weather".
 "Oh! Suck my arse", said Flo - so off they went together
 With his Toora Loora Laddie - his Toora Loora Lay.

Flo lay on her back - Bill lay on her belly,
 Flo supplied the crack - and Bill supplied the jelly
 From his Toora Loora Laddie, etc.

Now all that came of this - this very mild flirtation,
 Was Flo, she couldn't piss - and Bill got inflammation
 Of his Toora Loora Laddie, etc.

THE FOUR BASTARDSFirst Bastard

I'm a democratic figure in these democratic states,
 A dandy demonstration of hereditary traits,
 As the children of the baker bake the most delicious breads,
 And the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds,
 As the Barrymores and Roosevelts ~~and~~ others I can name
 My position in the structure of Society I owe
 To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.

My father was a gentleman, and musical to boot,
 He played the grand piano in a house of ill-repute.
 Madame was a lady, and a credit to her cult,
 She enjoyed my father's playing - and I was the result.
 So my mother and my father are the ones I have to thank
 That now I am the Chairman on the National City Bank.

Second Bastard

In a cosy little farmhouse in a cosy little dell
 A dear old fashioned farmer and his daughter used to dwell.
 She was pretty, she was charming, she was gentle, she was mild,
 And her sympathy was such she was frequently with child.
 The year her hospitality attained its record high
 She became the ^{happy} Mammy of an infant, which was I.
 And whenever she was gloomy, I could always make her grin
 By childishly enquiring who my Pappy could have been.

The hired man was favoured by the girls of Mammy's set,
 But the traveller from Seraton was an even money bet.
 But such were Mammy's morals, and such was her allure,
 That even Robert Balson wasn't absolutely sure.
 So I took my Mammy's morals and I took my Pappy's crust,
 And now I am the founder of the Chase Investment Trust.

Third Bastard

In a cosy little chain gang on a dusty southern road
 My late lamented father had his permanent abode.
 And some were there for stealing, but my Daddy's only fault
 Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault.
 His philosophy was simple and free from moral tape,
 Seduction is for sissies, but a man, he wants his rape.
 His total list of victims was embarrassingly rich
 And though one was my mammy, he couldn't tell me which.

I never went to college, but I did get my degree,
 And I reckon I'm a model of a perfect S.O.B.
 I'm a debit to my country, but a credit to my Dad,
 I'm the most expensive Senator the country's ever had.
 I remembered father's warning that raping is a crime
 Unless you rape the voters, a million at a time.

The Four Bastards (Continued)Chorus Of Three Bastards

Oh, my parents forgot to be married,
 Oh, my parents forgot to be wed,
 When the wedding bells chimed,
 It was always the time
 When my parents were somewhere in bed.
 So thanks to our kind, loving parents,
 We are kings in the land of the free,
 Your Banker, your Broker, your Washington Joker,
 Three prominent bastards are we.

The Fourth Person (Not a Bastard)

I'm an ordinary figure in these democratic States,
 A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits.
 As the children of the cops possess the flattest kind of feet,
 And the daughter of a floosie has a waggle in her seat.
 My position at the bottom of society I owe
 To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.

My Father was a married man, and what is even more,
 He was married to my mother, I fact that I deplore.
 I was born in holy wedlock, consequently by and by
 I was rooked by every bastard with plunder in his eye.
 And I invested, I deposited, I voted every fall,
 But if I got a penny, the bastards took it all.
 But at last I've learnt a lesson and I'm on the proper track,
 I'm a self-appointed bastard, and I'm out to get it back.

.....

WEE HAIRIE BITTY

There once was a lassie wi' a wee hairy bitty
 Who was huddin' up her clovers at her ain father's ball.

And then there was a laddie wi' a big stormy cocky
 Who was gang up the lassie wi' a wee hairy bitty
 Who was huddin' up her clovers at her ain father's ball.

And then there was a mannie wi' a pair of speein' glasses
 Who was speein' on the laddie wi' a big stormy cocky
 Who was gang up the lassie wi' a wee hairy bitty
 Who was huddin' up her clovers at her ain father's ball.

And then there was a mannie wi' a big curvy knifie
 Who was gang to stab the mannie wi' a pair of speein' glasses
 Who was speein' on the laddie wi' a big stormy cocky
 Who was gang up the lassie wi' a wee hairy bitty
 Who was huddin' up her clovers at her ain father's ball.

And then there was a p'licey wi' a pair of hand-cuffers who
 Who was gang to cuff the mannie wi' a big curvy knifie
 Who was gang to stab the mannie wi' a pair of speein' glasses
 Who was speein' on the laddie wi' a big stormy cocky
 Who was gang up the lassie wi' a wee hairy bittie
 Who was huddin' up her clovers at her ain father's ball.

.....